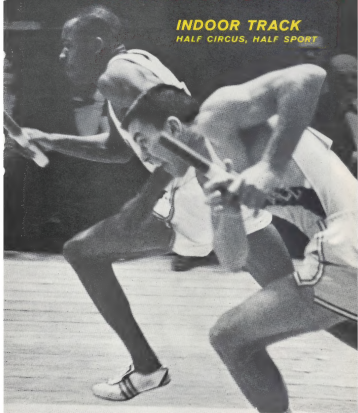
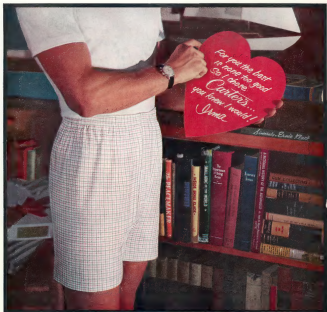


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 5, 1991 25 CENTS

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Contents

FEBRUARY 6, 1951 Volume 11, Number 2

Cover photograph by Martin Nathan

Champions In Trouble

- 8 A pulled muscle stops the best tennis player
- 10 An injured tendon retires the greatest trier
- 12 A bad knee worries the world's finest goalie

A Small Oval World

The carnival called indoor track is wild and exciting. With photographs by Martin Nathan

War Lord of the Warm Reefs

The sail and surge barracuda actually is more dangerous dead than alive

Jewel of a Track

Seven pages of color photographs show why Santa Anita is the nation's most beautiful race track

They Make the Pants

A stocky German and his lovely wife have changed ski fashions from baggy to baggy

Sailing the Wine-dark Sea

The classic beauty of the Aegean Isles is rediscovered in a memorable cruise

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 4 Scorecard | 64 Basketball's Week |
| 44 Pro Football | 65 19th Hole |
| 48 College Basketball | 68 Pat on the Back |
| 63 For the Record | |



10



19



26



30



39



56



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Acknowledgments on page 67

Next week

In Part II of the new series on Rule Driving, *AutoWeek*'s Grand Prix Champion Jack Brabham tells you how to handle sports cars on the road with safety and great pleasure.

Baseball has never been the same since Yogi Berra came up from The Hill in St. Louis to join the Yankees. Here, from his autobiography, is his own colorful story of his boyhood.

Meet Laurence Owen, the post new queen of American figure skating, whose baby, imperious style always wins the gallery but sometimes loses the votes of the judges.



SCORECARD

THAT PCL IDEA

When the Pacific Coast League proposed permanent pinch hitting for pitchers most baseball fans (ourselves included) considered it just another of those silly schemes that are always afoot for changing the game. Surprisingly, the idea is finding favor. Lefty O'Doul called it baseball's "greatest innovation," and former slugger Ralph Kiner is ecstatic. "Tremendous," says Kiner. "Under this rule I could have stayed in the majors an extra five years."

Some uneasiness is apparent among the pitchers who might be facing Kiner, Ted Williams and Stan Musial four times every game for 30 seasons. But there are other, more compelling reasons why the PCL proposal is bad.

Much of baseball's appeal rests on provocative problems of strategy involving the pitcher—two on, one out, behind by a run and the starter coming to bat: What do you do? And what would become of that delightful phenomenon, the good-hitting pitcher? As for Kiner's (or even Williams') extra five years, we can do without them. When a man has to hang up his spikes and glove he should drop his bat as well.

KILLER IN THE IRS

By accident or design, John Kennedy has been partial to sporting types in his appointments. Aside from touch footballer Bob Kennedy, there are skier Robert McNamara, ex-quarterback Orville Freeman and former basketball star Stewart Udall. Dean Rusk, it turns out, is a staunch promoter of Little League baseball.

Come now Mortimer Maxwell Caplin as Commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service. Basic training for this job could hardly be acquired in a more suitable activity than the one Caplin chose as a student at the University of Virginia. He was a boxer. He was Southern Conference senior middleweight champion in 1936.

He is also a lawyer and professor

at the University of Virginia Law School. That school's Dean F.D.G. Ribble has this to say of Caplin: "He was a formidable opponent in the ring. He is a very formidable lawyer at the bar, but he is very cheerful before and afterward. I suppose every first-class boxer has the killer instinct in the ring, and so does every first-class lawyer."

Taxpayers who may one day step into the ring with Killer Caplin are forewarned.

ANYONE FOR BLOCKADE RUNNING?

During the Civil War the Confederate Navy experimented with a series of small, mechanically operated



submarines which were almost 100% successful in drowning their volunteer crews. Since the Union lifted its blockade of southern ports, this type of underwater craft has fallen into disuse. But there at the Los Angeles Boat Show last week, by golly, was a thing called the Minisub, a mechanical two-man submarine with all the virtues of its Confederate forebears. As soon as the Minisub goes under, it fills with water. There is no internal pressure system, so it cannot take the human body down any deeper than the body could go without it. To operate the sub, one of the crew, in full scuba gear, lies back

down inside the fuselage and pumps madly on bicycle-type pedals hooked up to the propeller. In order to explore, take pictures, or whatever, the crew members have to get out of the sub—which is obviously the best thing they could do anyway.

TOURNAMENT TROUBLES

On probation for a year because of alleged sins in recruiting, North Carolina has withdrawn from the Atlantic Coast Conference basketball tournament to be held, as usual, at the end of the season. This withdrawal does not seem entirely, as announced, from an interest in "fair play to other teams." Behind it is a desire to kill the tournament, which Carolina Coach Frank McGuire has opposed for years, and a long-range plan to leave the conference for independent status.

The ACC and the Southern are the only two conferences that hold season's-end tournaments to determine which team will represent them in the NCAA national tournament. We agree with McGuire that this is a bad idea. Every other conference sends to the NCAA affair the team that has the best record over the regular season. This is as it should be; it is ridiculous to ask players who have already proved they are the best in their league to prove it again when the season is over. We believe that the only reason the ACC and the Southern Conference hold their own tournaments is to make money. While this is a reasonable ambition, it should not be achieved at the expense of sporting principles.

CALCULATED RISK

Gambling houses welcome system players the way epicures welcome oysters—as something to be smiled upon and then carefully devoured. But last week as M.I.T. mathematician revealed that he has devised a system that might turn the appetites of Las Vegas operators into churning indignation.

Dr. Edward O. Thorp (Ph.D.), who conceals the heart of a river gambler behind a crewcut facade, told a Washington convention of the American Mathematical Society last week that he and an IBM-704 computer had worked out tables that would permit a player to make \$125 an hour at blackjack.

The doctor explained that he began

his work on blackjack two years ago after reading that the odds on the game favor the house by only 3.2%. "I wanted to find out, by computation, if the player could possibly change the odds to his own favor," he said. His system will yield \$125 an hour, provided the player's bank roll is \$40,000 and he bets up to the \$500 table limit set by most gambling houses. This can be done, the doctor says, with less than a 1% chance of losing the initial stake. If the bank roll is smaller, say \$3,200, the maximum bet becomes \$40, the average yield is \$10 an hour, and the risk of total loss is still less than 1%.

The key to the system is the number of fives that have been played. "If all fives have been used, you make a larger bet than usual," said Dr. Thorp. "If no fives are out, a minimum wager is made." The system exploits two rules of the game as it is played in Nevada: that the dealer puts discards at the bottom of the pack and that he must take another card himself if 16 points are showing.

When Dr. Thorp got home from Washington he found himself besieged by offers of capital to test his system, but he had reservations about a trip to Nevada.

"The problem is very clear to me," he said. "If I mustered a big bank roll and marched out there, the income tax people could wipe me out or the casinos might change their rules. I'd go if they would promise not to change their rules and would let my system make up to \$20,000 before they forced me to quit."

Among Dr. Thorp's calls was one from the management of the luxurious Sahara Hotel, made plush by the losses of system players. They offered free room and board for a month if the doctor would try his system at their tables. "They're just looking for publicity," said Dr. Thorp.

ELFIN FIEF

For the past 14 years any red-blooded chieftains would have given the secret handshake to any member of the U.S. Equestrian Team. Chieftains, as readers of Irish folklore know, are a species of Great Elf who, unlike Lesser Elves, scorn living under toadstools. Chieftains live in rich men's cellars, drink their whisky and ride their horses until both are used up. This, in effect, is what the U.S. riders,

dependent upon the whimsical good will of assorted wealthy patrons, have had to do. They have borrowed horses and stabling from coast to coast and border to border, and they have not stood aloof from the liquid hospitality indigenous to the sport.

Now the USET is ready to exorcise its chieftain role. A permanent headquarters, the first ever, will be opened on February 1 in Gladstone, N.J. on the extensive estate of James C. Brady. It will have housing facilities for both horse and man luxurious enough to turn a Great Elf as green as his environment. But even though it now has a permanent headquarters, the USET still will be dependent for operating expenses on public contributions and benefactions from the wealthy. This means its members will need to retain at least one chieftain attribute—the ability to find hidden treasure.

ISLAND-HOPPER

Isleboro High School, about 12 miles out in Penobscot Bay, Maine, has 13 boys, 11 girls and a basketball team. Coach Frank Reed has nine of the 13 boys on his squad, and his main problem is ferry fare. Whenever Isleboro plays at home it has to pay \$45 a game to ferry the competing team to and from the island; whenever it goes abroad the cost is \$90. When Isleboro visits the neighboring island of Vinal-haven, about 39 miles away, the cost of the ferry ride is \$94. Of the 14 games Isleboro has played this year, it has lost only five. Next year it hopes to be in district championship contention, if the ferry doesn't break down and the fare doesn't go up.

LINKS LAW

Who owns a lost golf ball? In the U.S., possession has been nine-tenths of the law. Not so in Britain, as a gentleman named Hibbert discovered to his dismay when he "found" eight balls, was haled into court and adjudged guilty of trespassing and stealing. He was, said the court, as much a burglar as one who "finds" jewelry on the dressing table of another man's bedroom.

Even a member of an English club who finds a lost ball does not own it. It belongs to the club. Though unaware of the exact location of the ball, the club was in possession of it, the court decided. Its prior possession

FACES IN THE CROWD



VALERI BRUMMEL, 15, Missouri student and high jumper, who placed second in the 1968 Olympics, cleared bar at 7 feet 4½ inches on first attempt in Leningrad meet, breaking outdoor mark held by U.S.'s John Thomas.



DAVE TYLER of West Hartford, Conn., a sophomore at William Amundson, won 30-yard freestyle in 22.5 seconds and 100-yard freestyle in 58.3 seconds to set two national prep swimming records within half an hour, in dual meet against Hotchkiss.



DEANNA SATTERFIELD, 17-year-old senior at Blossfield High (Minn.) H.S., and a skier for seven years, turned in times of 33 and 34.2 seconds over slalom course at Mr. Hilly to win state slalom event at Michigan Intercollegiate ski championships.



RUDY MUNAS, an eighth-grader at St. Patrick's school, Kansas City, Mo., making his first TV bowling appearance, rolled games of 351, 371 and 384 to post a 678 string and single-game and series records in KMOB-TV's junior bowling program.



JACK RUSSELL, 35, former pitcher with six major league clubs (1955-61 in 12 seasons), trailing through round of match, fought favorite George Haggerty on 18th hole, went on to beat him 1 up to win American senior golf championship, at Kellie, Fla.



ERNE GUNLIFFE, graduate student at Stanford, who last month set various records for 1,500-yard run, said he would break indoor record as well, did so with 2:07.5 clocking in Boston A.A. meet, topping mark held by Don Gehrmann and Arnis Savels.



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SCORECARD continued

was ruled superior to the subsequent possession by the member. It is no defense for a member to say, "This may well be one of the many I have lost."

A precedent for this is the case of *Elwes vs. Briggs Gas Co.* (Chancery, 1898). The gas company, licensees of land from Elwes, found a prehistoric boat while digging for gas. The question arose whether the gas company or Elwes owned the boat. The court decided that the landowner, not the finder, owned it.

CASE OF CHARACTERS

• Jockey Johnny Longden, who has taken only one mount in the last 10 runnings of the Kentucky Derby, says he may handle Flatterby in this year's race. "This suit," says Longden, "is a son of Noor, and he seems to get better as the distances stretch out." Flatterby is trained by Longden's son, Vance.

• "California has lots of good high school boys with A averages," Cal Football Coach Mary Levy told a banquet audience, "and I think we're going to get both of them."

• Asked his reaction at being voted AFL player of the year, Dallas Hall-back Alvin Haynes replied: "Ain't no sense in a runner gettin' big-headed before he talks it over with his blockers."

• Rex C. Ellsworth, whose Swaps personally lifted the prestige of California racing in 1955 and 1956, has two new sames to introduce this year. Olden Times, a 5-year-old colt about whom more will be heard in the weeks ahead, and Prove It, a 4-year-old son of Endeavor II. Prove It won the Santa Anita Maturity last week by four and a half lengths to give Ellsworth his first win in a \$100,000 race since Swaps ran for him.

• Satchel Paige, now touring with basketball's Harlem Stars, still wants to get back into major league baseball. "I'm gonna try to bring baseball back," he said. "Maybe the big leaguers will help me. I'm not putting no bouquets on me but there won't be another pitcher like me for a hundred years."

• In his annual report to the membership of the American Horse Shows Association, in Houston, Chairman Adrian Van Sinderen announced with pleasure that in 1960 there were no complaints about judges being drunk.

COMING EVENTS

February 5 to February 9
All times are E.S.T.

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Friday, February 5

BASKETBALL (live)
Cleveland vs. Philadelphia, Boston vs. New York at Boston.
Broadcast at Detroit.

BOATING
Nancy Cup races 11:00, Nantux, Bahamas.

TRACK & FIELD
Milrose AA meet, Med. Sq. Garden, New York.

Saturday, February 6

BASKETBALL (teletext)
NYU vs. Syracuse at U.S.A., N.Y., 2 p.m. (ABC).

North Carolina at Duke.

Ohio State at Michigan (Sports Network national TV).

Purdue at Wisconsin.

UCLA at USC.

Detroit vs. Syracuse at Baltimore.

St. Louis at New York, 2 p.m. (NBC).

BOWLING
Scott J. Stars, Franklin vs. Holmes, 4:00 p.m. (NBC).

BOXING
Archie vs. Don Palmer, middling, 12 rds., Med. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).

WOLF
Felix Springs Classic, \$20,000, final two days, Palm Springs, Calif., 8:00, Saturday and Sunday.

WRESTLING
Chicago at Montreal.

Detroit at Toronto.

New York at Boston.

HORSE RACING
H-Ladwin Handicap, \$20,000, Hialeah (Sports Network national TV).

Santa Margarita Handicap, \$20,000, Santa Anita.

Sunday, February 7

BASKETBALL (live)
Philadelphia at Syracuse.

Los Angeles at Detroit.

New York at Philadelphia.

St. Louis at Boston.

WRESTLING
Boston at New York.

Montreal at Detroit.

Toronto at Chicago.

Monday, February 8

BASKETBALL (teletext)
Drake at Bradley.

(live)
Cincinnati vs. Los Angeles at Colgate Park, MD.

Tuesday, February 9

BASKETBALL (live)
Los Angeles vs. Boston, New York vs. Detroit at New York.

Philadelphia at St. Louis.

WRESTLING
Jefferson vs. Bradley, NWA Light-heavy title bout, 12 rds., Miami Beach, Fla.

Wednesday, February 10

BASKETBALL (live)
Boston at Syracuse.

Philadelphia at Detroit.

St. Louis at San Antonio.

WRESTLING
Detroit at Chicago.

New York at Toronto.

HORSE RACING
California Breeders' Plates, \$20,000, Santa Anita.

Thursday, February 11

BASKETBALL (live)
Cincinnati vs. New York, Philadelphia vs. Syracuse at Philadelphia.

St. Louis at Los Angeles.

WRESTLING
LPGA St. Petersburg Open, St. Petersburg, Fla. through Feb. 12.

Thomas Open, \$20,000, Florida, Aoki, through Feb. 12.

WRESTLING
Montreal at Boston.

New York at Detroit.

WRESTLING
Med. Men's Indoor Champ., New York through Feb. 12.

*See local listing.

CHAMPIONS IN TROUBLE

It was a bad time for heroes. Pancho Gonzales, the world's best tennis player (opposite), Jamin, the world's best trotting horse (page 10) and Jacques Plante, the world's best hockey goalie (page 12) suffered injuries and—permanently or temporarily—were out of the big show

The man on the right gripping his belly in obvious distress is Pancho Gonzales, star and main attraction of Jack Kramer's troupe of touring tennis pros and—almost beyond argument—the best tennis player in the world. As a result of the pain pictured here and the pulled stomach muscle that caused it, however, both Kramer and tennis will have to do without Pancho for a while. It happened at Philadelphia last week as Pancho faced his old rival Lew Hoad for the umpty-umpty time. They were tied at three games apiece when the crowd noticed that Pancho was wincing after every serve and was holding his stomach.

As the play continued, Hoad began to take his own serve with more and more ease, and several times it looked as though he would break Gonzales'. But the champion didn't break, and when Hoad made a couple of errors at 6-6, Pancho moved in like a panther. He broke Hoad's serve and then

in a magnificent finish served two aces to win the match.

"Pancho seldom lets anything bother him for long," a Kramer press agent had said of the star before the match. "He'll go into the arena before a match and look at the lights—they're bad—and he'll look at the ceiling—there's smoke—and he'll test the court—it's slippery. So he'll shrug his shoulder, figure it's the same for everybody and then go out there and give it a battle. That's what makes him a champion."

Gonzales was a champion when he beat Hoad last week, but in the small, damp locker room of the Arena a few minutes later, he was just a man with a pain in his belly. Lew Hoad, still upset by his defeat, sat staring at the floor. The youngsters Barry MacKay, Earl Buchholz, Alex Olmedo and Andres Gimeno stood by in awed silence. On a chair in a corner, hugging his gut, sat Pancho.

After a minute, Myron McNamara,

Kramer's lieutenant, told a reporter: "He's going to try the doubles. If it hurts him too much, he'll have to drop out of the tour."

Pancho and his partner, Gimeno, lost the doubles quickly, quietly and decisively to Hoad and Buchholz, and as soon as the match ended, Gonzales hurried off court to the locker, his face drawn. Again he sat down heavily in the chair. McNamara hurried in. After a minute he hurried out again. "Guess we'll have to bring Segura in from the Coast to take his place," he said. Then the best tennis player in the world left the locker room without even saying goodbye. At the door he brushed by two girls waiting for autographs.

"He's mean," said one. The other gave an exaggerated shudder. "You said it," she agreed. But Pancho Gonzales, one hand still clutching his stomach, was too preoccupied to notice.

—WALTER BINGHAM





ADIEU, JAMIN

France's superb trotter, Jamin, leaves the scene of international competition for a career that will affect all U.S. harness racing

As he prepared last week for the ultimate triumph of his remarkable career, a third victory in Europe's premier trotting event, the Prix d'Amérique, the great French trotter Jamin stepped into a small hole near his Paris training track and injured a tendon in his right hind leg. His owner, Mme. Leon Giry-Roederer, immediately withdrew him from the race and shortly thereafter announced that he has been sold to a syndicate of Americans for \$800,000. Jamin will come to this country next year to stand at stud at Walnut Hall Farm in Doncaster, Ky.

At the end of his racing career, Jamin begins another which may have an immense effect on U.S. trotting bloodlines.

Before he came here two years ago, Jamin was acknowledged to be Europe's finest trotter, having beaten all available competitors, often conceding handicaps of as much as 50 meters. Then, at Roosevelt Raceway's first International Trot on August 1, 1959, he relentlessly wore down and finally overwhelmed the best of the U.S. and six other countries. In subsequent appearances here he set a time trial record, won other races and vastly impressed nearly all trotting experts with his powerful gait, perfect manners and seemingly limitless endurance. At Du Quoin, Ill., before a Hambletonian Day crowd of 25,000, he went out on the track with only the urging of a prompter galloping behind him and trotted a mile in 1:58 4/5. Throughout this magnificent effort, Jamin's driver, Jean Blaud, sat immobile in

the sulky, occasionally clucking to his horse but never using the whip.

Jamin's sale as announced in Paris—to syndicate head Stanley Tannenbaum of Yonkers Raceway for a lump sum of \$800,000—nevertheless raises some interesting questions. U.S. trotting breeders regard Jamin as an eminently worthy addition to the ranks of stallions. Two years ago, at the height of his fame, a group of breeders offered Mme. Roederer \$300,000 for her horse. She asked half a million and they refused to pay it. Last October, after Jamin lost a few races in Europe, Mme. Roederer's asking price had come down to \$40,000 a year for a five-year lease on Jamin's services at stud. Again, the Americans felt the price was too high. Now, many of our foremost breeders regard the announced \$800,000 figure with skepticism or stupefaction.

A three-year wait

To begin with, any horse is as much of a gamble as a sire as he is on the race track. He must prove himself through his first crop of offspring, and it is three years after he goes into service before that first crop gets to the races. Even at the announced starting stud fee of \$1,500 (extremely high for a new stallion), it appears nearly impossible for Jamin ever to earn \$800,000. In harness racing, the owner of a mare bred to a stallion pays the service fee when a live foal results. A good stallion will be bred to about 50 mares in one season, and from this will come about 35 live foals. Assuming that Jamin proves himself with his very first crop and even that his fee is then increased to \$5,000, the probabilities argue against the \$800,000 figure, especially since

Jamin is going into stud at the comparatively late age of 8. Jamin is of course a complete outcross to U.S. bloodlines and as such alone is useful in improving the stock. But much of what he has to offer is of relatively little value in this country. His unusual size (more than 16 hands) is impressive, but if he passes this along to his offspring, they will be handicapped on the half-mile tracks in the U.S. A big trotter has more difficulty negotiating the tight turns than a smaller, compact animal. Our breeding here has for years emphasized early speed over short distances—that is, speed early in the life of the horse and over a mile. Jamin's best efforts came relatively late in his racing career, and his superb stamina, which was so important in the longer European events, is not nearly so useful a trait in the U.S. Finally, Jamin's second dam (one of his grandmothers) was Gladys, a Thoroughbred. It is entirely possible that some of his sons and daughters will show far more aptitude and inclination for running than for trotting.

For all of these reasons, such outstanding U.S. breeders as Lawrence Sheppard, Norman Woolworth, Dave Johnston, Delvin Miller and Wilks Nichols were not interested in paying Mme. Roederer's price for Jamin. Tannenbaum has announced that his "syndicate" is composed of himself and his two brothers, none of whom has experience as a breeder.

Despite all this, Jamin will be a welcome addition to the American scene. Hopefully he will overcome his handicaps as a sire as he overcame his handicaps as a competitor—and he was a marvelous competitor.

—JEROME H. KAY

POPULAR PAIR. Jamin and his driver Jean Blaud, train on a track near Paris.

Photograph by Marvin E. Rosen

HERO'S HUMILIATION IN MONTREAL

Reviled by the fans who revered him only a season ago, Montreal's once great goaltender now minds the nets for a minor league club

Montreal is a hybrid, often confusing town where an elevator is an *ascenseur* and a good cigar is a *fiacre*. But until recently there was no confusion, linguistically or otherwise, about Jacques Plante. No matter how you pronounced it, he was simply the best goal tender in hockey. Then suddenly, two months ago, he wasn't. Jacques Plante, *Foriste* of the nets, the goalie *sans peur et sans reproche*, the winner of his craft's Oscar for five straight years, the perennial, irreplaceable bulwark of the top team in hockey, went down to a third-rate club in a minor league.

His place in the Canadiens' nets was taken by a nice little guy named Charlie Hodge.

Today one cannot spend five minutes in Montreal without hearing, in French or English, an explanation for this bizarre turnabout. Plante cooled off, they will tell you. Plante is hurt. Plante is being taught a lesson in humility. Plante asked to be sent down. Plante was thrown out kicking and screaming. Plante will be back next week. Plante will never be back. Says a brooding, chastened Plante himself: "I have to face the fact. I may not play again for the Canadiens

this year." The French-language newspaper *Le Dimanche-Matin* congratulated the banished goaltender for having "*boulevardé de gain*" about the demotion.

The only goalie ever to win the Vezina Trophy five times, Plante brought new ways to the old art of goaltending. He named far from the nets, sometimes passed all the way up to the forward line. He wore a mask. He shouted instructions to his teammates. And he made enemies.

Plante opened the current season by announcing that he didn't care if he ever won the Vezina again: "It is too much strain on me." He said he would be happy merely if the Canadiens won the league race and the Stanley Cup playoffs. The statement had a sour sound to the other Canadiens' players. What better way to win the league championship than to keep the other teams from scoring; in a word, to try to win the Vezina! Already some of the more temperamental of his teammates were sura-

JACQUES PLANTE, shown here tending goal for the Montreal Royals, is the only goaltender in the history of hockey who has won the Vezina Trophy five times, as a minor league his fondest hope right now is to get back and have another try at it.

CHARLIE HODGE, shown here with his son watching Plante tend goal for the Royals, thinks the odds he captures is the greatest ever. "Look at him," he shouts time and again during the game. "He makes stops that nobody else could ever make."



Photo kept by Charlie Hodge

ing injured feelings about Plante. They resented his habit of throwing his hands in the air at the end of winning games. It almost seemed, they thought, as though he were saying, "Look at me, I did it again!" His income, upwards of \$20,000, ranked players who were making downwards of \$10,000. Among some Canadiens, there was a distinct feeling that Jacques Plante was getting more attention than any single player deserved.

The Canadiens' defense, hampered partially by key injuries, began collapsing in front of Plante. To make matters worse, an old knee injury flared up. "I would be all right at the beginning of a game," he recalls, "but if I had to fall on the knee or make a split, it would begin to pain." At the end of 21 games, Plante and the Canadiens had lost seven and tied two, a horrible record for the New York Yankees of hockey. The great Jacques, whose lifetime "goals-against" average was a phenomenal

2.1, had let 3.2 goals slip by per game.

As the season advanced, the internal dissension grew worse. On dining cars one would see Plante alone at a table for four, while the other Canadiens cliqued off together. Coach Hector (Toe) Blake became openly critical of Plante, said he would be a better goal tender if he would take off his mask and not worry so much about facial injuries. Club Director Frank Selke specifically ordered Plante to abandon his flamboyant sorties away from the goalmouth, to cut down on his exhortatory shouting at other players, to desist from raising his hands in victory; in other words, to stop being Plante.

A little boy

In Detroit on Nov. 23, Plante's knee was banged in a practice session, and the next night two soft goals beat the Canadiens 3 to 1. Now they had the excuse they were looking for. Charlie Hodge was called up from

the minors; Plante was benched. Nobody believed it would stick.

Canadiens' V.P. Ken Healdon recalls what happened after that: "Reporters would crowd around me when Hodge would win a game and they'd say it was a fluke. 'When you gonna take him out?' they'd ask. 'He'll crack, he's no good.' Then Hodge would have a shutout and the reporters would crowd around again and warn us that sooner or later the roof was gonna fall in. Well, the fact is we're winning with Hodge, and so long as we keep winning with him he's gonna stay right where he is."

Charlie Hodge is 5 feet 6, weighs 147 pounds, and may best be described in the words of a female fan who watched him at Madison Square Garden recently. "Whoever is that little boy in the goal?" she asked in shrill anxiety.

Charlie Hodge looks like Charlie Brown. He talks like Gary Cooper. And in the net he acts like George Costello. When he flops on the ice, one gets

continues





UTTERLY EXPRESSIONLESS, JACQUES PLANTE SITS IN THE GRANDSTAND WHILE HIS SUCCESSOR MARKS SAVES FOR HIS OLD TEAM

PLANTE *revisited*

the feeling that he will never return to his feet. Struggling under 60 pounds of pads and protection, his face contorted in determination, he ceases up after a fall like a fishing float in a vat of molasses, just in time to stop another puck and go sprawling again.

No spectator could be blamed for predicting that this seeming incompetent would shortly be back in the miscos. But after 27 games, of which Hodge and the Canadiens have won 15, tied six and lost six, it is Plante who is still in the miscos. Hodge's own "goals-against" average is the lowest in the league and right now he stands a good chance of taking the Vezina himself.

It has long since been clear that luck is not the explanation. After playing for eight teams in six years, Charlie Hodge has learned his trade well. Whether from fright or the feeling that they would rather play with a modest little guy than with a prima donna, the Canadiens tightened up their defenses as soon as he came into the nets. Some idea of how much protection Hodge gets may be gleaned from a recent game in Chicago where the Canadiens won 2-0 and Charlie Hodge was required to make only 18 easy saves. Almost anyone's Aunt Mary could have been in the nets that night.

And what of the fallen angel Plante? In his first game for the minor-league Montreal Royals, he helped beat league-leading Hall-

Ottawa 3-2. But in his next appearance, against a no-no Kingston team, the crowd of 6,000 (treble the normal size because of Plante) boomed even before the game began. Few noticed that little Charlie Hodge was sitting right behind the nets, watching the action. "Listen to that," Hodge said. "He hasn't done a thing, and already they're on him." The game was only 39 seconds old when Kingston scored, and now the crowd really began lifting insults toward Plante. "It's just not fair," said Charlie Hodge. "He's one of the greatest ever. He makes stops nobody else could make." Like a little kid watching his hero, Hodge studied Plante's moves. "Oh, he's a showman!" Hodge shouted. "Look at him now, arguing with the referee. He's gotta get his two cents in. Oh, he's the greatest!" Not everyone in the Forum agreed. "Get back in the bloody nets!" a foghorn voice shouted. "You'll never get your job back, you bum!"

A little too early

After the game, which he lost 4-3, Plante swore he had heard nothing. Over coffee, he sat down to talk quietly, in his soft French accent, about his problem:

"When you are sideline like this, all kinds of thought go through the head. What am I going to do? What could happen? Charlie and I are good friends since 1954. How can they take him out the way he's playing? And my knee is still bad. I have a lead boot at home. I strap it on and lift

the leg for 10 minutes every hour, all day long, hold it up there for 45 seconds. It hurts, but I want that job back. Maybe this year it is already too late. But next year. . . ."

What is it like to be a fallen idol? "I will tell you. Already my son, Michel—he is 9—he is in fights at school. They say to him, 'Your daddy's no good. Your daddy lost his job.'"

Where once he would have been surrounded by autograph-seekers, Plante sat unnoticed in a quiet corner of the café. "I knew it had to happen sometime," he said. "Remember, I am 32 years old. Charlie, he is just 26. I knew I would slip sometime, but, somehow, it is a little early, isn't it? It happened too fast. I keep thinking what happened to the poor guy Lou Gehrig replaced. Remember? Gehrig came in for one game and the other guy never played again."

The parallel may not be strained. Already the Montreal papers are calling Charlie Hodge "the man who came to dinner." Cautiously they are beginning to accept the fact that Plante may not be back. They are beginning to believe their ears when they hear Toe Blake say publicly, "I won't take Hodge out of there as long as we keep winning with him," and they have no answer for Blake when he says privately, "What am I supposed to do? Do I take out Hodge and ruin his morale? Or keep him in and break Plante's heart?"

—JACK O'BRYEN

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by Robt. Burns



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A SMALL OVAL WORLD WITH A BRASS BAND

In the charged, exuberant atmosphere of indoor track and field the crowd is close and noisy, the turns are tight and steep, and the fastest runner often loses to a lesser man with sharper elbows

by **TEX MAULE**

Someone once said the best runner wins outdoors and the best athlete wins indoors, and this probably is true. Certainly, indoor and outdoor track have little in common, as Martin Nathan's photographs on the following six pages clearly demonstrate.

For instance, a long race outdoors—say a mile or two miles—is run with a certain stately dignity. It often is exciting. But there is no sense of direct competition of man against man. The competition is of man against the ticking sweep hand of a stop watch, and the runners compete in a silent, withdrawn and introspective world. Most of them run to an inner timetable which they have devised or which a coach has set up, and they are conscious only rarely of the other men on the track with them.

But the intimate small oval of wood indoors—with the crowd close and loud, and a brass band playing circus tunes during the races—makes it impossible for the runner to retire to this secret world. At each of the sharp, banked turns of his long race he is forcibly reminded of the physical competition in his race. An elbow in the ribs jolts him off stride; a bad guess on when to pass sends him, arms flailing, high up to the outside edge of the track.

"You have to learn to run all over," one coach said recently. "For instance, you run the turn outdoors, your rhythm and arm action don't change. You lean a little, but you run the same way. Indoors, you change your whole style of running. Your inside arm swings in a shorter arc, your outside arm in a longer one, and you chop your steps to keep your balance. The tactical part is much tougher. You would figure running indoors you sprint down the straights and float through the turns, but if you do, you lose. You bust the stretch and work the turn. You can't relax around the bend because you're under pressure from

other runners. You work to defend your position. It's a different sport."

It is, in its way, much more exciting. The runners are close, and you hear the dry, rustling click of the spikes on the wood floor; as the race goes on, you see the strain on the runners' faces. Indoor track buffs—and thousands of them visit Madison Square Garden—relish the rascamanship of a Ron Delany. They watch with relish as he saves ground and strength by pit-patting happily at the end of a big field in the mile, saving inches by tightropeing along on the inside edge of the track. They wait intently for him to make his bid when the leaders begin to flag, and he can make up space with a minimum of effort by starting his spurt with the small, important impetus of acceleration down the slope of a turn.

This easy boost lets him go ahead of the next runner in the stretch, is time to return to the pole around the next turn, swing wide as he comes out, then kick down the gentle slope again to pass another runner.

This is close, controlled, intellectual running. The plays are made quickly and succeed or fail quickly; the crowds are nearly always aware of them, and the swelling, growing roar is the result.

Even the field events have an immediacy indoors that they lack outdoors. The pole-vaulter, pulling, turning and pushing off the pole, rises to the eye level of the first balcony. You can study the concentrated face of a high jumper as he waits in the sudden stillness that comes before the big jump and, by his footfall, count the steps in his approach and hear the squeak of shoe on wood when he takes off.

This is a microcosm, whereas outdoor track, because of the distance between watcher and performer, is a macrocosm, with impersonal figures acting out a soundless drama too far away to seem human. In the smoke and noise and confusion indoors the athletes are one with the spectator, close and very human.

CONTINUED

INDOOR TRACK *cont./cont.*

BEDLAM ON THE BOARDS



The gun bangs, and the hottest whirl around the narrow track begins with the crowd's lifting roar. It is good to get away fast and be first to avoid the jam on the sharp turns. Even in long races, the gun begins a sprint for the pole.

—HOMER HODGSON, 20 MILE RACE



WILLIAM TROTT



Three young men, representing a great
country, are shown in the foreground,
representing the United States and the
United States and the United States.

C6

E1

A5

D1

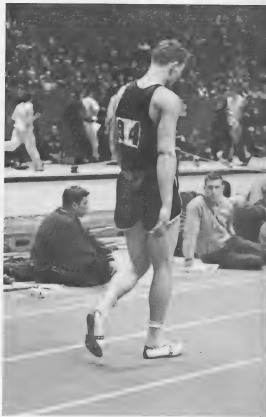
COURTESY



Intense faces (above) reflect the belief of all distance runners that the race is not to the swift, but to the disciplined and enduring. Indoors, they are right

The short race ends in a half dozen pulse beats as the runners flick off the infield and into the dark mouth of the tunnel that gives them braking room





A sprinter walks back slowly from a defeat which took only a few noisy seconds; the walk back, in the post-race silence, seems to last a long, long time

WAR LORD OF THE WARM REEFS

He is a skilled and savage raider in tropical waters, but the great barracuda actually is more dangerous dead than alive

by JAMES POLING

In the refracted shafts of sunlight on top of the coral reef, the sea fans and soft gorgonians bend and toss, and clown-colored fish drift to and fro with each surge of sea. All that live on the reef, both the sessile creatures and the free swimmers, seem joined in a happy dance. Then the great barracuda appears. No one has seen him come, but suddenly he is there. For a moment he hangs motionless, poised like a bright *Durianus* blade. Then, with a flick of his tail and a flash of teeth, he snatches a pretty dancer from the reef and is gone. The rest of the fish barely notice his intrusion. The dance simply goes on, minus one dancer.

Because of his beautiful but deadly looks, because of his rude and sudden way, the great barracuda has never found much favor among men. As early as 1667, the French naturalist Charles de Rochefort called the barracuda "a monster greedy and desirous of human flesh, that launches itself at men in fury, like a bloodthirsty dog." Today divers visiting the barracuda in his own home are getting a better, truer picture of him, but in some quarters the old story persists. In modern literature—in trashy fiction and in sober technical reports as

well—the barracuda is often baselessly described as Public Enemy No. 1, as a ruthless savage and ugly despot, as cannibal and man-eater.

From the human point of view, the barracuda is not entirely above reproach. With his strong body and jaws lined with cleaving teeth, he can and occasionally has cut men up severely. But on the available evidence, he is neither as fierce nor as misanthropic as he is said to be. His record as a man-eater is unspectacular: in the worldwide records from 1884 to the present, there are only 14 attacks on man that can be charged with certainty to the great barracuda, and only six more in which this species probably was involved. In contrast, since 1900 there have been 287 verified shark attacks in U.S. and Australian waters alone. To appreciate fully how rarely barracuda attack, it must be remembered that in the shallow frequented by man, barracuda are far more abundant than killer sharks so abundant that almost anywhere a swimmer goes in the world's warm, reef-studded waters, he is within striking distance of one. This is as true of Miami Beach as it is of the Bahamas, Hawaii or any far atoll of Polynesia. If the barracuda ever

developed the yen for human flesh that he is reputed to have, all the popular tropic and subtropical beaches of the world would be ghost resorts.

Happily, the barracuda could hardly care less for human meat. Unlike the scavenging shark that eats anything edible or inedible, alive or dead, the barracuda is a choosy piscivore, interested primarily in live fish. Thus, by his very nature, he cannot be a serious menace; and anyone who takes the precaution of learning about the barracuda and his idiosyncrasies can feel reasonably safe swimming with him.

Until recently most of what was known about the great barracuda





IN AN UNUSUAL DISPLAY OF SOCIABILITY, FOUR-FOOT BARRACUDA GATHER LIKE CONSPIRING BRIGADES OFF FLORIDA'S OUTER REEF

was gathered at random—a little here, a little there, whenever ichthyologists had the chance or a particular need to. Though few men have known him truly well, the great barracuda has been long respected as an outstanding and well-adapted member of a fine old fish family named Sphyracnidae, whose fossilized lines can be traced back 50 million years. The family Sphyracnidae has been swimming around, changing little through all the changes since the early Eocene. The family did, however, have to make one unusual adjustment. A barracuda slams his jaws shut on his victim with such force that at one point in the past he found

it necessary to modify some of his skull bones to serve as shock absorbers—to keep from knocking his head apart, as it were, every time he took a bite to eat.

It is only in the past five years that the great barracuda has been the subject of extensive study conducted underwater and in laboratories by Dr. Donald de Sylva of the University of Miami. As a result of this research, 17 so-called species identified at random spots in the world turned out to have so few real differences that they are now considered the same species as the great barracuda of the western Atlantic. Thus today the great barracuda is recognized as a cosmopolitan,

a war lord to be reckoned with in most of the world's warm seas. He is absent only in the eastern Pacific, isolated from the West Coast of the Americas by cool currents. Seventy-three degrees seems to be about as low a temperature as the barracuda willfully tolerates. During cold spells in Florida, in fact, barracuda congregate at the warm-water outflow of a power plant in Biscayne Bay, like old people toasting themselves in front of a fireplace.

There has been much speculation about the maximum size of the great barracuda, fed largely by unblinking reports from anglers and spearfishermen of 8- and 10-footers that got

continued

away. After tabulating the sizes of nearly 4,000 specimens carefully weighed and measured around the world, Dr. de Sylva is skeptical of all such claims. The largest fish of a thousand he personally measured was 4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. As far as he knows, the longest ever reliably measured is the International Game Fish Association record, a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -foot, 100-lb. pounder taken at West End, Bahamas Islands in 1962. Barracuda in excess of six feet are probably rare, if they exist at all.

Though no one has seen it, ichthyologists are fairly certain that the reef-dwelling barracuda move out to deeper water to spawn. For one thing, it is known that the egg is a pelagic, or floating, type, characteristic of offshore spawners. In addition, barracuda less than an inch long have rarely been found in shallows, while far smaller specimens have been taken from the open sea, presumably during their travels shoreward—minute sea-faring species that in their first weeks of life are quite capable of hustling food for themselves. One specimen that Dr. de Sylva examined was less than a quarter-inch long and probably less than a week old. The fins and tail of this quarter-inch specimen were barely developed at all, but the youngster already had a good set of teeth and a stomach full of fish fragments.

By the time he is an inch long, the barracuda has worked his way ashore to the aquatic weed beds and mangrove swamps inside the fringe reefs. In these shallow nursery areas, when danger threatens, the small barra-

cuda at times will upend and, with snouts pointed downward, wave their tails in rhythm with the blades of turtle grass to which their mottled, greenish bodies bear resemblance. As youngsters, they live together in a degree of anity, sometimes traveling in schools. But true gregariousness is not in the nature of the species; at heart they are all loners, and after a year or so their solitary nature asserts itself. Each fish stakes out and vigorously defends his own territory

moves to the reef, stakes out a new territory, and makes his living as an independent operator. By now he is about two feet long and there are few fish on or near the reef big enough and fast enough to prey on him. The reef offers plenty of food for him to share with the other major predators, the amberjack and the sharks. In this marine land of plenty, the barracuda can look forward to another 10 years of life, possibly more.

Like a heavy cruiser, the adult bar-



in the turtle grass, using it as a private base from which to dart out at passing fish. At this stage, young barracuda will unite in common effort only when food tides sweep schools of small forage fish shoreward. At such times the young barracuda leave their lairs and band together to harass the schools and pick off stragglers.

The barracuda continues to fraternize on rare occasions throughout his life, but by his third year he usually

racuda gives the impression of speed and power in about equal proportions. His streamlined body closely resembles that of the lamb-water-pike. His scales are tough enough to deflect a spear fired at an oblique angle, and are so thick and coarse they would spoil his hydrofoil were they not coated with the slime that his skin constantly secretes. Thanks in part to this friction-reducing fluid, the thrust of his strong body and tail sculls him through the water—by actual clockings—at 27 miles an hour, a speed that few of his victims can match.

The fore part of both the upper jaw and the pugnacious, outthrust lower jaw of the adult barracuda is armed with large fangs that fit, when his mouth is closed, into deep recesses in the opposite jaw. Behind the fangs, each jaw is lined with twin rows of lancet-shaped shearing teeth, the two parallel rows of the upper jaw neatly overlapping those in the lower.

Despite this highly refined armament, the barracuda is less voracious than, say, the tuna and seemingly less a wanton killer than the bluefish, which chops through bait schools leaving bits and pieces behind. But



HEAD FILLS of special equipment accounts for the barracuda's success: in addition to sharp fangs and shearing teeth, the fish has broomlike bones (visible below gill plates and behind the cranium, upper left) to cushion shock as jaws slam shut.

when he is hungry, the barracuda is apt to take on fish even bigger than himself. With large fish his mode of attack is simple and a trifle unorthodox: he first renders them helpless by biting off their tails. If his prey is a small fish, the barracuda may swallow it head first—as minkellongs are wont to do—or tail first, or if he has first caught it by the midsection, simply fold it into a neat package before ingesting it. After dining well, the barracuda usually relaxes in a

rapid, frenzied or jerky manner, he is interesting to the barracuda. If he wears objects that flash or glitter in the water, he is literally baiting the fish. Other needless risks are dangling a hand or foot from a boat, cleaning fish over the side and swimming with exposed fish tied close to the body. Barracuda have a penchant for hanging under boats. It is advisable always to enter the water slowly and with a minimum of splash and dash. For the

struck his mask. This should be borne in mind by the novice diver, whose first meeting with the magnified image of a large barracuda underwater can be unnerving. Rather than obey the first impulse of splashing quickly away, the diver should keep his body well submerged and move with slow, buoy underwater strokes. In all probability, once the barracuda's curiosity is satisfied, the fish will swim away too, just as lazily. But by the time he sees a barracuda underwater, a



THE GREAT BARRACUDA
Spharodon barbatula

state of semiconsciousness. On occasion, though, a well-fed barracuda with a calculating eye for the future will head a school of small fish into shallow water, like a working sheep dog, and hold his flock prisoner until his appetite returns.

Always hungry-eyed

The barracuda counts primarily on his very good vision to locate his prey. He is a "visual feeder," in contrast to the myopic sharks, which make far greater use of their excellent olfactory sense. Thus to be safe in the water with barracuda, a swimmer should have a good idea of the visual images that are most likely to stimulate the barracuda to attack. When his appetite is up, a barracuda is likely to meet and attack any fish that darts through the water swiftly and erratically. He also has a strong predilection for surface-schooling fish that break water and splash. And nothing sets off his attack pattern more quickly than light reflected from a fish's white belly.

Logically, then, a swimmer is in some danger of attack if he in any way imitates these natural stimuli.

barracuda is usually ready, fully cocked, and the sudden flash of the white leg of a half-cocked diver is all that is needed to set him off.

Although barracuda have occasionally bit offshore swimmers, most attacks have occurred in shallow surf where the water is roiled. Since almost everything that, in the first sudden flash, seems to be worth eating actually is worth eating, logically, in murky water the barracuda is inclined to strike without taking a closer look. A swimmer should always take extra care to avoid imitating natural stimuli in turbid water. During his observations, Dr. de Sylva noticed that in cloudy water barracuda were excited by light glancing off the plastic sides of his underwater camera case. On one occasion in mark off Key Largo, the glint of sun on de Sylva's face mask triggered a charge. A two-foot barracuda came at him, hitting his mask with such force that the fish dropped into a crevice in a daze.

In only one of the 14 verified barracuda attacks resulting in injury was the victim fully submerged, as was Dr. de Sylva when the fish

properly cautious diver need not worry. Usually the barracuda has already seen him and sized him up as an interesting but unworthy object. From that point on, the barracuda sets the distance, and there is little the diver can do about it. If the diver withdraws a slight distance, a curious barracuda is apt to advance an equal distance. If the diver advances, the barracuda usually withdraws. From this general behavior, many experienced divers have concluded that barracuda are cowards, "chickening out" if a diver approaches shaking a threatening spear. From his own good experience, Dr. de Sylva questions the wisdom of such actions. "I'm afraid that some day," he remarked recently, "one of these fearless divers is going to find out that the barracuda, like any wild creature, isn't exactly predictable in human terms. The fish isn't afraid of man, and he won't always run if you threaten him. I've swum toward them and made threatening gestures, and had them come charging right in to meet me. I wouldn't think of doing it now that I know something of the habits of the fish. You've got to remember

continued on page 28

JEWEL OF A TRACK

Santa Anita, 14 miles from downtown Los Angeles, is the most beautiful race track in the country. Only 26 years old, it is not a refuge of tradition like Belmont Park or Churchill Downs. Nor is it, like Aqueduct, a masterpiece of cold efficiency. There is, perhaps, more charm to Saratoga's ancient buildings and massive shade trees. But Santa Anita manages gracefully to combine visual elegance and creature comforts with the functional blessings of modern architecture. It has given racing some exciting runners—Neor, Sashisuit, Swaps, Hilldale, Round Table and Silky Sullivan. Since 1953 the Camino Real turf course (right) has helped promote grass racing among horsemen who tended to resist it. Track management has made a day at the races a pleasurable experience, and the public has responded. The largest racing crowd of the year, 71,017, attended the 1960 opening. On the following pages are more views of the track and grounds.

Photographs by John C. Zimmerman

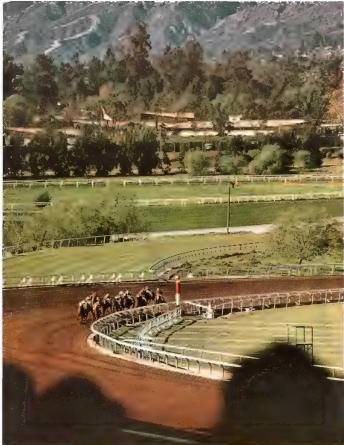




Amid the brilliant yellow of giant pansies in Santa Anita's lush infield, whole families turn a day at the races into a lively picnic. Unlike some states, California does not bar children at race tracks if they are accompanied by adults.







Horses enter the stretch against a backdrop of turf course and a public park and arboretum.

Mountains, palms and flowers frame a magnificent view of the backstretch and a turf course.







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THEY MAKE THE PANTS

A stocky German and his lovely wife
changed the wathword in ski
styles from baggy to Bogner

by ROY TERRELL

The world's foremost expert on the backside of fashionable sports-women is a stocky 32-year-old German named Willy Bogner. Combining his rare powers of observation with an acute business sense and the inspired designs of his attractive wife Maria, Willy Bogner has grown rich and famous, revolutionized the ski-wear industry and earned the gratitude of every male skier between the ages of 14 and 162. Willy Bogner is the man who invented stretch pants.

When Bogner first introduced stretch pants in 1952, skiers laughed. For years they had been wearing costumes which appeared to have been stored in old sea bags. The colors were those found on the topsides of a tramp steamer—black, gray and brown—and the cut made everyone look as if he were auditioning to replace Emmett Kelly. Even the best ski pants made the wearer look a little less like a clown and a little more like Gene Sarazen on the eve of the 1922 U.S. Open. American skiers, in particular, seemed to be fond of baggy britches; there was a cult that considered it a mark of honor to dress sleazier than anyone else. So when Bogner put his beautiful new stretch pants on the market, everyone grabbed the nearest rope tow and headed uphill.



CRACK SKIERS WILLY AND MARIA BOGNER PERSONALLY TEST EACH NEW PRODUCT

"Good Lord," skiers said, "you mean those things cost 40 bucks? They look like underwear." The ladies, blushing prettily, said "too tight," which shows how nearsighted some girls are, and they complained about the bright colors. The men thought the material was too thin and doubted that it would wear. At first hardly anyone bought Bogners.

But a few did—with immediate results. The new pants hugged the waist and hips and tapered in razor-sharp lines to the ankle, making legs look longer, somehow, as legs should look. Whether the wearer was revealing through a ski lodge or stuck head down in a snowbank on the hill, the new shades of mauve and fuchsia and chartreuse proved superior attention-getters to the old gray and black and

brown. Suddenly male skiers everywhere were observed observing babes in Bogners, to the exclusion of all else. So other girls, of course, went out and bought Bogners.

The men liked the pants, too, for wearing as well as viewing. The material, made from Swiss-patented kink-nylon Helanca and wool yarn, turned out to be tightly woven and warm and dry. A few ski racers tried Bogners and found them perfectly designed for high-speed runs; there was no wind resistance, no flopping at the knee and the stretch material felt better and was more comfortable than the old gabardines and wools.

Soon everyone looked like a ski racer—as long as he was standing still—and Willy Bogner began to get rich. He said all the stretch pants he could

PHOTO BY GUY

make, and the customers howled for more. And when the Bogners visited America in the spring of 1935, and Maria Bognor went onto the slopes at Sun Valley, women flocked around to ask where she got those adorable pants. "I made them," Maria said. Men flocked around, too, for even in her 40s Maria Bognor is a sight to delight. Particularly in Bognor pants.

Today, in a large, modern factory on the outskirts of Munich, the Bogners and their 500 employees produce

Bognor, is her charming, halting English. "Our daughter Rosemarie married an American last year."

"We like American girls," says Willy Bognor. "They are the best advertisement Bognor could have. American girls have longer legs than Europeans and they look better in stretch pants. For export to America, we cut the pants longer, a special size."

"We cut them longer in back, too," says Maria.

"Yes," says Willy. "American girls are trimmer, you know, in what you

peattie. At the time the Eriksons had a 4-month-old baby, Stein, who was only fat and blond and gave no indication that he would one day become the best slalom racer in the world.

"I left Norway after a year to return to Germany," says Bognor, "but I used to go back there every year, and I guess I was the one who taught Stein how to ski slalom. Even when he was little, Stein looked like a cross between a bird and a snake going through those poles."

For 10 years, beginning in 1923, Willy Bognor was a member of the German national ski teams, concentrating on the Nordic events. In 1935 he finished third to a Finn and a Norwegian in the world championships, and in 1936 he was selected to give the Olympic oath at Garmisch.

While he was building his reputation as a racer, Willy Bognor also built up an excellent business in Munich, selling Marius Erikson's skis and his own line of parkas. It was during those same years that he met and married Maria.

"I was jumping in a meet," says Willy. "On top of the Zugspitze, the highest peak in Germany, I looked down and saw this very pretty girl, but the thing that attracted my attention was that she had on the ugliest pair of skis I'd ever seen. They looked like moose horns. And I thought, 'I've got to sell that girl some skis.' " He did, and himself, too, and they were married in 1937.

By then Willy was in service, a lieutenant in the SS. "They took sports champions and made them officers in the SS," he says now. "Himmler said no SS officer could be married in a church, but Maria was a Catholic and she wanted to be married in a church. So we were married in a church. 'You'll never be more than a lieutenant now,' they told me, and I never was."

Bognor was sent to Norway and then to Finland to fight against the Russians. When Marius Erikson, Stein's older brother who was flying British bombers, was shot down and imprisoned in Germany, he got a letter to Willy, who was home on leave. Willy and Maria sent Marius food. "Once he asked me to send him a saw," says Willy, "but I decided I had better not do that."

While Willy was fighting, Maria moved the three children, Rosemarie,



IN PRE-BOGNER ERA, skiers of the 1930s wore droopier ski knickerbockers (left). Ten years later ski pants were longer and a little slimmer, but still buggy at the ankles.



100,000 pairs of stretch pants a year, and could sell twice that many if Willy hadn't decided that working oneself to death was not a proper way to live. Skiers in Germany and Switzerland and Sweden and France, in every European country where people ski and high tariffs do not keep the Bognor line out, buy the pants that Willy and Maria Bognor make. But the Bogners consider America their No. 1 market, and annually they ship 40,000 pairs over here. Their outlets dot the country from Vermont to California and reach as far south as Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, where people live who wouldn't know a snow-ski if it landed on their nose.

"We like America," says Maria

call . . . uh . . . the behind. American girls are built like pears. European girls are like apples."

Long before Willy Bognor was thinking about pears and apples, he was a skier. Born in Traunstein, a village near the Bavarian Alps, he was the Bavarian jumping and cross-country champion before he was 20, and in 1925 won the first slalom race ever held in Germany. "In the slalom in those days," he explains, "the race was different. You had to jump over barriers, like a steeplechase."

In 1928 Willy decided that his business would be ski equipment, and since the best skis in the world came from the shop of Marius Erikson in Oslo, he went to Norway as an ap-

Michael and Willy Jr., all born during the early years of the war, out of heavily bombed Munich into a village in a small mountain valley. And when Willy was tossed into prison by American occupation forces at the end of the war, along with all other 88 officers, Maria reopened the ski business herself.

"I had to work," she says, "or we would have starved." There was almost no material available, but then there were few customers, either, so Maria managed to fill the orders, doing all the work herself, making deliveries on a bicycle. And from the first this handsome, prematurely white-haired young woman, who before the war had never so much as touched a needle and thread, displayed the meticulous workmanship and uncanny creative skill that was later to make the name Bogner synonymous with quality and style.

For two years, while Maria held the tiny business together, Willy was in prison camp at infamous Dachau, most of the time as a driver for the American commandant. "The only thing that saved me," says Willy, "were letters from people we had helped during the war—the Erikssens, others. So, eventually I got out."

Stein Erikssen confirms what Willy says: "He got more Norwegians out of prison than anyone, and was more help to us than any other person could have been. I don't know how he did it. But he was known and respected for it, and he was never accused of being a real Nazi. In the war he was just doing his duty like a Chinese or you or anybody. And when Marius came home, the first thing he did was go right back to Germany and shake hands with Willy and say, 'Our friendship still stands.'"

Willy found a Germany that had lost virtually all of its operating capital. "There was no money," he says, so Willy Bogner turned to the woods for survival. "I shot hares and caught trout and traded them to those who had material." By 1949 the Bogners managed to borrow and beg enough cash to buy an old sauerkraut factory in Munich; then Willy talked customers into paying 50% in advance so that orders might be filled. Somehow everything worked out, although the

continued



THE BOGNER LOOK, modeled by Maria, is trim, snug-fitting from waist to ankle.

early garments retained a faint aroma of sauerkraut.

Sauerkraut or not, Bogner products began to sell. Their best item was ski pants of expensive gabardine, built, as Willy says, "to wear forever." These Bogner *Spécials* sold in the United States for the staggering price of \$32.50 (the most expensive American pants were \$17.50). But still the *Spécials* sold, and they first brought the Bogner name to the attention of American skiers. Then, one day in 1953, a French weaver of high-fashion silk for evening dresses dropped

by the sauerkraut plant. From a new stretch fabric that pulled up and down and sideways and always returned to shape he had made up a pair of ski pants.

"They weren't out very well," says Maria, "but I liked the idea immediately. I saw the possibilities. So we decided to take a chance."

That first year the Bogners put only 5% of their production into stretch pants, but by 1955 they were making ski pants of almost no other material. Today only a few dozen pairs of the famous old *Spécials* come out of the large, new plant, and most of them go to a group of Norwegian

miners, who insist that they are still the warmest, driest, toughest pants ever worn by man.

Since the Bogners pioneered the stretch pants business, other manufacturers have followed, and today there are many good stretch pants on the market. Yet somehow the Bogners manage to stay out ahead. They had a jump of three or four years, for one thing, since the industry was reluctant to gamble until the new product was accepted. But, most of all, the Bogners stayed on top because of Maria's genius.

A demon skier herself, she wears each new product for a season before putting it on the market; the men's clothing is tested by Willy. Maria will remake a garment a dozen times, changing a seam here, installing an apparently meaningless slit there, moving a zipper half an inch forward or back or up or down, changing a pocket, and always the Bogner pants look better and feel better and fit better than anything else.

Long stretch

So do Bogner parkas, which have become almost as famous as the pants. Maria's personal favorite, however, among all the beautiful things she has created, is neither a pair of pants nor a parka but a simple one-piece stretch suit—which somehow, on the right girl, becomes the sleekest, most glamorous thing ever seen on a ski slope.

Last January, on their pre-Olympic European racing tour, all six members of the U.S. women's Alpine team bought Bogner one-piece suits, and even if Penny Pitso and Betsy Saito hadn't won three silver medals the U.S. girls would have been the hit of Squaw Valley.

Maria's only fear now is that someone is going to stretch things too far.

"At first our pants fit tighter in the leg than anyone else's. So others began to make them tighter. Now stretch pants are getting so tight as to be indecent. There is a point beyond which you should not go. When the legs get too tight, it is not good to ski. It is not even good to sit."

Marilyn Monroe and Ingrid Bergman manage to sit in Bogners—and sometimes ski. So do the Shah of Iran and the Swedish princesses and Toni Sailer and the Aga Khan. Mrs. Henry Ford II once bought 15 pairs. And almost every national ski team

SLAMMING THROUGH SLALOM GATE, YOUNG WILLY BOGNER SHOWS DARING AND STYLE



in Europe wears Bogner pants. On one of those teams—the German team—there is a racer named Willy Bogner Jr. Someday he may become the finest Alpine racer in the world.

A tall, slender boy with the light blue eyes of all the Bogners and a great shock of dark hair ("I have an awful time getting him to the barber-shop," says Maria), young Willy has inherited his father's drive and sense of humor, his mother's charm and the talent to do almost everything well. He is a superb photographer, a dedicated jam fan ("I learned listening to the Armed Forces Radio"), a wildly enthusiastic jitterbug dancer and an unusual student, who last year missed weeks at school because of the racing season, yet still managed to finish at the top of his class. He speaks beautiful English and French, as well as German, and someday, with his elder brother Mike, he will inherit the business. But now he skis.

In 1959, the day after his 17th birthday, he won the White Ribbon downhill at St. Moritz, beating the eventual Olympic giant slalom champion, Switzerland's Roger Staub. In January of 1960 he won the famous Lauberhorn downhill, beating almost everyone who mattered in ski racing. And at the end of the first run of the Olympic slalom, the leader, by one full second, was young Willy Bogner of Munich. The pressure was too great, of course, for in leading off in the No. 1 position, Willy had all the great racers of the world breathing down his neck on that second slippery run. He tried to ski too fast and fell, just a few meters from a gold medal—and he took it like a gentleman. He smiled and answered questions politely and admitted that he was disappointed. "But I have many years ahead," he said.

"It was the best thing that ever happened to him," says his father. "He was too young to win such a big thing. He has wonderful technique and quickness and a very fast brain. But he lacks experience, and when he gets that, then is time enough to win."

"I wish," says his mother, "that he would quit racing right now."

This season young Willy Bogner has been injured, first with a twisted right ankle, then with a hairline fracture of the left. He missed the Lauberhorn, and although he skied in the Hochgurgler with a foot full of novocaine, the lack of practice handicapped

him severely and he didn't do well. Yet, as his father says, Willy is still young and there are a lot more racing seasons ahead.

The Bogners are proud of their son's skill, but then they are proud of all their children: Mike, who skis beautifully but prefers to jump homes, and Rosemarie, who married an American skier named Jim Tobin and now lives in San Francisco. "Last week," says Maria, "he called home, called, to get a recipe for noodles."

Willy and Maria are happy with their life, and they make the most of their money—a quarter of a million dollars gross each year from the stretch pants alone. Long ago Willy graduated from shooting hares outside Munich to safaris into Africa and Alaska for big game. While Willy is in the bush, Maria runs herself on the Riviera. Together, they ski in Austria or Switzerland or California or Chile, wherever there is snow. Two years ago Willy severed an Achilles tendon during a steep downhill run, and while in the hospital caught pneumonia. Yet four months later he was on his way to the Karakorum, part of a Himalayan scientific expedition that had been planned for years.

"It was the chance of a lifetime," he says, "and they weren't going to leave me behind, even if I had to walk on crutches."

Short stretch

But the Bogners are aware that the pleasant life they lead would be impossible without those stretch pants—and they are determined that Bogner pants will adorn everyone who ventures into the snow. Several weeks ago Willy Bogner was visited by a group of very round young men, weighing many kilograms, who wanted to buy Bogner pants. They were the members of the German bobsled team which will compete in the world championships at Lake Placid later this month.

"I didn't know what to do," said Willy that evening. "I knew they wouldn't be very good advertising for Bogner pants. For circus tents, maybe, but not my pants. But I hated to refuse them. We made the pants. I hope they don't fall down."

Since the pants are Bogners, they probably won't—particularly since Willy had them made with suspenders. The Bogners always come up with something.



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New masters in the den of Lions

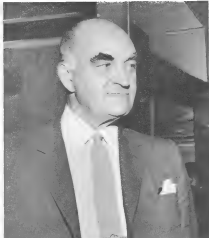
The proxy fight for control of
Detroit's pro football club
is complex, exciting and over

If you are a business, social or pro football Lion, you do not argue with the Ford family.

This fact of Michigan life has been made clear recently to one D. Lyle Fife, who qualifies under all three lion categories. Fife, an electrical contractor who was once president of the Detroit Lions football club and who has recently been trying to regain control of it, seemed to be making some headway until William Clay Ford, the 35-year-old grandson of Henry and brother of Henry II, aligned himself with Fife's personal nemesis, Edwin J. Anderson, the general manager of the Lions. Suddenly, from being a sort of tripartite king of beasts, Fife was changed into a latter-day Daniel in the Lions' den, with prospects of winding up as a blue plate special rather than a legend.

It all began some 13 years ago, when Anderson, Fife and some other industrialists in Detroit bought the last-place Lions from Fred Mandel. Fife became president and Anderson vice-president.

In 1949 the Lions struggled up to fifth place. In November of that year, the middle of the football season, Fife, who intended to, and eventually did, marry his secretary, Mary (Judy) Rohmstine, filed for divorce from his wife of 33 years, and a month later Mrs. Fife filed a cross action charging that he "had fled to Europe with another woman." The other woman was never named in the suit, but the Lions'



PAST AND PRESENT presidents of Lions are Edwin J. Anderson (above), who resigned a fortnight ago in favor of William Clay Ford (below) of the automobile family. The move probably costated Anderson's job as general manager of the club.



board of directors, knows then and now as a "country club board," did not relish that kind of publicity. At this point the stories of precisely what happened take separate courses.

"I didn't even know Fife well," Anderson says. "I hadn't met him before he joined the syndicate to buy the Lions, and I didn't get him into the syndicate. I had nothing to do with firing him as president, and I was not anxious to take over as president myself. I had a full-time job as president of Goebel's brewery."

The other version has it that Fife was indeed Anderson's close friend and, although it was in the middle of the football season, he took Anderson's advice to go to Europe until the feeling about his impending divorce calmed down.

Over there

"Fife asked Anderson to keep him informed of how things were going back home," one of the then directors explains. "Andy was his sounding board. One day Andy sent a cable that went something like, 'Things are tight, suggest you resign'—which Fife did forthwith. When he got back it was hard for Fife to tell if Andy had given him the proper steer."

At any rate, Fife was out and Anderson was in as club president. As the years passed, Fife became convinced that Anderson had very deftly eased him out. During the next decade the Lions improved so much that they won three world championships and four division titles before falling off in 1958 and 1959. In June of 1958 Anderson was ousted from his job

as president of the Goebel Brewery. The Lions, believing that Anderson had lost his job because he had devoted too much of his time to their organization, took him on as general manager at \$40,000 per year.

"My work at the brewery suffered," Anderson said. "You can't split time without having something suffer."

When Anderson took over as general manager, he deposed W. Nicholas Korbaw, an efficient ex-publicity director, who was flamboyant, exuberant and talkative. Korbaw could have remained as assistant to Anderson, but he chose instead to take a whopping long-term contract with Fred Zollner, owner of the Zollner Piston Co. and of the Detroit Pistons professional basketball team. Zollner had high hopes that Korbaw could bring the club to life at the box office and on the court; so far he has done neither, possibly because of his preoccupation during the past two years with Fife's efforts to unseat Anderson.

Korbaw made common cause with Fife because he resented the glory of being general manager of the Lions and wanted it back. He has denied soliciting pennies for Fife, but it is common knowledge that he has been active in the campaign, last year and this. In a terse note informing Korbaw that he was being put in leave of absence as Pistons general manager, Zollner said: "It is common knowledge that you are active in the present situation with the Lions. This leave of absence is being granted so that you may devote full time to your other activities." Korbaw, who knows as well as anyone the power of



LONG PAST president of Lions, Fred Zollner has kept his foot on the ground.

a Ford, denied his participation in Fife's campaign and retired to the public library, where he pored sadly over histories of the Civil War.

Fife's charges against Anderson, last year and this, have been, at best, nebulous. It is hard to impute mismanagement to the administration of a pro football team that has 1) earned as much money as or more than any other team in the NFL for the past 10 years, 2) won more championships than any other and 3) seems on the verge of winning another. Fife charges that 1) Anderson negotiated an unsatisfactory televi-

—Continued



IN PROXY BATTLE are (left to right) Fred Zollner, Detroit Pistons owner; Nick Korbaw, placed on leave of absence by Zollner for his efforts in behalf of Fife; Mrs. Judy Fife, because

of whom the proxy fight began; C. Ray Davidson, a Fife backer; and Head Coach George Wilson, as Anderson man, who wrote its stockholders asking their support for his boss.



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Now, living the life of civilized beachcombers is wonderfully rewarding. But of course, Mother still has to cope with some practical considerations. That's why she always insists on the family's cottons being tagged Pepperell.

She knows these fabrics live up to the tag's promises. This means they will machine-wash, won't

fade, shrink, wrinkle—need just a touch of the iron. And they're "Sunbaked Plus" for good measure!

Equally important, Pepperell fabrics are handsomely styled. Mind you, nothing chi chi, but you'll enjoy the restrained good taste of the dashing new island colors and textures.

Above all, you can have confidence in these wash-wear fabrics. For hasn't this famed New England company been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for so these many years?



A long-neglected art is now flourishing again

**Coaches are teaching
the fine points of defense
because offense alone won't win**

There is more pleasure in attacking than defending," Molière wrote 400 years ago, and nowhere could the French essayist have found a more devoted group of disciples than among the coaches of modern basketball. While scores have risen into the 70s, 80s and finally the 100s in recent years, teams have stampeded up and down the floor displaying no more interest in defense than Ted Williams did in bunting.

The excuse coaches offer for this neglect of defensive basketball is that neither fans nor players like it. This is half-truth at best. It leaves unmentioned the real reason: the teaching of defensive basketball requires a great deal of effort, and many coaches have simply been too lazy to bother. Others wouldn't know how to teach defensive tactics if they were inclined to do so. And because the players have been shooting baskets since grammar school days, refining their offensive style until it is as natural as a politician's hand wave, but have ignored defense because it is unnatural and bothersome, they must be taught fundamentals at the college level.

Thus it is intriguing to observe this season a subtle yet significant increase in the coaching of better basketball: i.e., the training of tough and meticulously drilled defenses combined with disciplined offenses. This freshening interest in defense is showing itself across the country, from the Southwest,

where Coach Abe Lemons of Oklahoma City finds "a slowdown trend in the game and defenses that are a lot tougher," through the Midwest, where Michigan State's Forddy Anderson says, "Coaches in general are paying more attention to defense, instead of only shoot and run," to the East, where Frank McGuire of North Carolina says, "This conference [the ACC] was weak defensively, but of late we have taken up strong man-for-man defenses."

The change in the game is no mere shift in style, as if basketball's hemlines had gone up three inches, only to be coming down again soon. Basketball has had several such style shifts, perhaps the most dramatic being the one which occurred about 20 years ago when the East was still playing its delicate pass, pass, pass brand of offense that would finally shake a man clear for a pretty, two-

handed set shot. Along came West and Midwest teams with one-hand jump shots and fast attacks that rattled the East. The East responded, changing to the fast-break brand of basketball many teams still play today. That was a change of style. The present growing emphasis on defense is less dramatic and obvious than that, but should, in the end, be even more significant.

All along, of course, there have been coaches who worked hard on defense—Dudley Moore of LaSalle, Harry Litwack of Temple, Ray Meyer of DePaul, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, Hank Iba of Oklahoma State, among them—but they have been so few that the present trend was slow in coming. It actually began when two West Coast teams, the University of San Francisco and the University of California, coached by two close friends, Phil Woolpert and Pete Newell, used varied, aggressive man-to-man defenses and extremely deliberate offenses to win three national championships in five years.

The significance of Woolpert's success was somewhat ambiguous, because USP had a genuine superstar in Bill Russell. Many coaches felt, and reasonably so, that it was Russell, not Woolpert's defense, that made the team a winner. But when Newell took a California team of relative unknowns to the NCAA finals in 1959, and there used a tight defense to defeat high-scoring West Virginia for the championship, there was no escaping the fact that defensive basketball was also winning basketball.

Since then, Newell, now the athletic director at California, has become the recognized spokesman for the defense. "He has conducted so many clinics east of the Mississippi River that he has made a national thing out of this," says Frank McGuire.

"In one of my recent clinics," Newell recalled last week, "there were three Big Ten coaches. They showed a definite interest. I think this interest is being reflected in Big Ten play already." (Purdue upset offense-minded Iowa, which had averaged 78 points a game, by the remarkably low score of 47-41 two weeks ago, thanks largely to an ubiquitous Purdue defense that allowed Iowa only three baskets in the first half.) Newell cited three



DEFENSE ADVOCATE Last season's NIT winner trend toward more disciplined games.

top teams, Ohio State, Auburn and Mississippi State, as squads that were "gaining the rewards of an active defense this year."

Another is St. Louis University, which last week upset highly ranked St. John's University 60-57 in a test of conflicting styles. St. John's, a quick-shooting team with a pell-mell approach, not only found itself slowed down by the pressing defense of St. Louis, but ended up getting 16 less shots than the winners because it was harassed into making repeated errors. St. Louis, coached by John Benington, who once played and coached under Pete Newell, often gets more shots than an opponent in spite of its deliberate offense. St. Louis' edge in the number of shots has been remarkably high this season against teams that like to shoot: i.e., 30 more than Drake, 21 more than Wichita and 35 more than Louisville.

Because offense and defense are so closely linked on a basketball court—there is no sharp break between the two as there is after baseball's three outs or football's four downs—it is debatable whether a team can successfully adopt Newell's defensive techniques without sacrificing its deliberate offense, too. Some coaches decry this offense as the ruin of college basketball from the paying spectator's point of view. But the evidence thus far is that deliberate offenses have not accompanied the trend to tougher defenses.

Long-ignored maxims

In teaching and preaching the virtues of defense, Newell stresses what amounts to maxims for containing an opposing team, maxims that apparently apply regardless of a team's own offensive style. If none are really new, all have been long ignored. Among them:

"Always keep pressure on the ball. This increases an opponent's mistakes. A mistake is worth 1.5 points to you.

"A player is without the ball 35 to 40 minutes of the game. The first step is to increase his efficiency for those 35 minutes.

"Your offensive efficiency varies from game to game. On those nights when your offense is off, a solid defense will enable you to win.

"Man-to-man defense in college must be taught from scratch. Thus a coach can bring out skills in a player

PHOTO BY AP

Home at last to Bourbon & Branch



This is addressed to people who work hard all day: people who "step on the gas" from the first step off the elevator at the office floor till they step into the front door of their home at night.



To such whirling wheels, big and little, we suggest that there is nothing finer than to relax and enjoy a simple drink of Kentucky bourbon and branch. A combination of cool, pure water and gurgling, historic Old Crow is indeed refreshment.

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

that otherwise might never have been discovered.

"Defense appeals to the intelligent player.

"Don't worry about audience reaction if you concentrate on defense. Winning is the best excuse. The fans don't complain when the score is right."

Three thousand miles east of Pete Newell one afternoon last week a young advocate of thorough, peccae defensive basketball was sitting in the quiet emptiness of Madison Square Garden. While his New York University team was warming up for a practice session, Lou Rossini analyzed the new interest in defense.

"Like the Russians"

"A neglected art for so many years," he said sadly. "You'd go into a dressing room at half time and all you'd hear the coach talking about was offensive strategy—break fast when this guy shoots, try for a one-on-one with that guy. This is changing now. Basketball has become a science. Coaches are finding they can't get along without a detailed knowledge of every aspect of the game. Their teams have to play both offense and defense 100% or they can't win the big ones any more. So you go into a dressing room at half time this season and chances are you'll hear defensive talk—stop this pick, make that switch."

Rossini jabbed the air with his cigar to emphasize the point. "It's like the Russians and the spunkies. You go along, go along, go along and everybody is doing O.K. and being a good guy. Then along comes a fellow who isn't content to be a good guy. Bang! Bang! Bang! He's got spunkies going around the world. So you get scared. Your pride is hurt. You do more work in one year than you did in the last 15.

"Same way in basketball. Fear and pride have made coaches finally go to work on defensive basketball. Mostly fear. I'd have to say mostly fear. And it's paying off in a better game."

Then Lou Rossini walked to the court to start the NYU practice. The emphasis, of course, was on defense, just as it is at a growing number of practice sessions throughout the country this season. Mostaig's philosophy notwithstanding.

END

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Kills fungus under skin surface—never penetrates into wounds. Prevents growth of fungal tissue. Quickly relieves most symptoms. Laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not only works under skin surface to kill fungus where it breeds and spreads—but even penetrates into wounds. Works in vital addition—the layers where ordinary remedies cannot reach.

Use new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment, doctors in two leading clinics found that

Athlete's Foot, Ringworm and other fungal infections, even stubborn cases, clear up quickly within two weeks, often in less than 7 days. As part of the Treatment, use NP-27 Medicated Powder: dries the foot perspiration that helps fungus grow, stimulates surface fungus, shields child skin, guards against new infections.

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"Look who's following us!"

It's always nice when your neighbors admit you were right. Absolutely right.

Which is just what happened recently when two of our neighbors in the automobile business came out with Volkswagen-type station wagons.

In fact, that's exactly how most of the newspaper stories described the vehicles when they were unveiled: "Volkswagen-type" station wagons.

We thought it was quite a compliment. Not just for our wagon, but for every family that had the audacity to buy one during the last 11 years.

It means that the Volkswagen Station Wagon is no longer an innovation.

It is now officially a trend.

The VW Station Wagon is a new type of automotive animal—the equivalent of a steer that's all steak, or a turkey that has 4 drumsticks.

(Although, like a 4-legged turkey, it looks a little strange at first.)

It's 4 feet shorter than a regular wagon, yet it holds more: 9 passengers, plus 20 cubic feet of luggage. (No either/or.)

It's only 9 inches longer than a VW Sedan, although you probably won't believe it until you see the two side by side. (People have won bets on this one.)

Take off a couple of wing nuts, pull out

the center seat, and you've got enough space for an open playpen (with baby), or even an open bridge table (with playmat). A thriving car pool out in San Francisco discovered that one.

Take out both rear seats, and you can open up a pair of cots and sleep inside under the stars!

It has an air-cooled engine.

No water to boil.

No water to freeze.

Its engine is in the rear, which explains the outstanding traction. In mud, sand, ice or snow, when others quit, you go.

(Incidentally, that's one reason why the VW Wagon is a favorite with skiers.)

Now you can understand why this station wagon is being borrowed.

But bear this in mind: A "Volkswagen-type" station wagon is not a Volkswagen. Not quite.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon has been in production for 11 years.

Improvements have been made every year, but the basic design has remained the same.

Carefully has led to quality.

The doors fit properly.

The rattles were silenced years ago.

All we ask of car men is that they make each Volkswagen as if they were going to own it themselves.

The finish is a labor of love: 4 coats of paint (44 lbs. of it, including a dip in paint over its head and two complete sand-sandings).

And only the VW Station Wagon has the guts of a VW: the engine that can run all day long at top speed without straining a cylinder, and deliver the legendary Volkswagen mileage.

Parts availability and service? Every bit as good as the Volkswagen Sedan.

But here's the clincher:

A Deluxe VW Station Wagon costs about the same or less than the standard model of a "VW-type" wagon. And the VW comes with sun roof and skylight windows!

The Deluxe VW Station Wagon is \$2,620. Our Standard VW Wagon (without sun roof) is \$2,245.

These are the suggested retail prices at the East Coast ports of entry.

And both VWs come equipped with heater/delheater, bumper overriders, 4-speed fully synchronized transmission, the third seat in the rear, and the fully finished undercar.

All of these are optional extras on the "VW-type" wagons.

When the Volkswagen Station Wagon was introduced back in 1950, it was eleven years ahead of its time.

Its time has now come.

Deep, Wide and Handsome... Owens Fleetships are built for pleasure...made of durable fibreglass, equipped with every requirement for your comfort and safety. Thrill to the thoroughbred performance of the longitudinal step hull. Experience the ride of the foam-filled double bottom that absorbs vibration and sound while it provides positive flotation safety. Owens Fleetships...*built in the quality tradition of Owens Yachts.*



BRISBANE... a ski-boat with great stability; comfortable seating for four on back-cushion upholstered seats • windshield • "Ride Guide" mechanical steering • speedometer • rearview mirror • hardware • lights • integral flat floor • foam-filled double bottom • longitudinal step hull. Boat price range \$795-\$835* including accessories.

*The motor price applies to the 15-hp. outboard.

EXETER... 17'6" flying bridge cruiser with complete vinyl top set • "Ride Guide" mechanical steering • transom box • helm seat • foam-cushioned double banks • galley with sink • sliding side window • compass • speedometer • fire extinguisher • interior paneling • lights • hardware • integral flat floor. Boat price range \$1395-\$2200* including accessories.

Built in the quality tradition of Owens Yachts

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BARRACUDA

continued from page 25

that even a harmless animal can be goaded into attack, and the barracuda is far from harmless."

The same trait that makes the barracuda dangerous to bathers—that of pursuing moving objects—makes him popular with anglers. He will take flies—particularly backtails and streamers—as well as live bait, plugs and almost anything that is trolled at a speed of around five knots, including patent lugs, as some boat-owners have discovered. Strip bait is effective too, the best strips being cut from mullet, bonito or the belly of the barracuda himself. It is best to use a double hook with strip bait, for the fish usually strikes short.

Many fishermen go after barracuda with tackle too heavy to make a satisfying sport of it. This is a true light-tackle fish, calling for fly rods, light boat rods or spinning rig. For trolling, a four-ounce tip with six- to nine-pound monofilament line is probably best. Played on the right gear, the barracuda will put up a testing fight for 15 minutes or a half hour, running strongly, breaking water perhaps a dozen times, leaping and twisting as if he were trying to shake his head free from his body.

Ironically, the barracuda conquered and brought to boat by fishermen have done more harm than living barracuda ever have in the sea. The flesh of the barracuda is tasty but sometimes toxic. In the Florida-Caribbean area alone, 196 cases of barracuda poisoning have been reported since 1921, eight of them fatal.

The poison has an appalling effect on the human system. It produces severe nausea and vomiting, diarrhea and cramps, miserable aching in the muscles and joints, and sometimes paralysis. The skin itches, cold objects feel warm and warm objects cold. There is a harsh metallic taste in the mouth, and urination is scaldingly painful. Some of the effects can linger for months, or in rare cases for years.

The flesh of many species of reef fish can be poisonous. What causes this ichthyosarcotoxism, as it is called, is one of the complicated mysteries of marine biology. On the whole, we know but little more about toxic barracuda now than in 1728, when Sir Hans Sloane wrote in his *Natural*

History of Jamaica, "According to its feeding on venomous or non-venomous food, the barracuda is wholesome or poisonous to those who eat it." 'Tis also noxious in some seasons of the year, and in some places, and innocent in others, I suppose according to its nourishment, but which now and then it acquires so much poison as to kill immediately."

One school of thought today believes ichthyosarcotoxism is in some way related to a fish's spawning period, since it is known that the gonads of some fish become poisonous in that period. The more accepted theory follows closely the educated guesses made by Sir Hans Sloane in 1728, holding that herbivorous fish become poisonous from eating blue-green algae and certain toxic planktonic organisms common to reefs, and that the barracuda becomes poisonous in turn by eating these herbivorous fish. Blue-green algae are found in the stomachs of almost all plant-eating reef fish, and these herbivorous fish are often found in barracuda—by actual count, in 58% of the barracuda stomachs that Dr. de Sylva examined.

Fit food for a gambler

There is no sure way of telling from the fish itself, once caught, whether it is poisonous or not. The devotee of barracuda flesh, then, is something of a gambler. But if the gambler takes two precautions, the odds against him become almost inconsiderable. First, he should check with the local natives before eating fish of the region. Barracuda poisoning is so capricious that while only toxic fish may be caught on one side of an island, those caught on the other side may be edible. The local natives have learned to play it safe.

Second, only fish weighing less than three pounds should be eaten. Generally speaking, a barracuda less than three pounds is considered too immature to have left its inshore habitat and begun foraging for fish that feed on poisonous algae out on the coral reefs. This precaution is strongly supported by the fact that on the California coast, where there are no coral reefs, ichthyosarcotoxism is unknown in another barracuda species, *Sphyrna tiburo*. Of the 196 persons poisoned in the Florida-Caribbean area, only three had eaten fish weighing "about" three pounds. Thus the three-pound rule is by no means

infallible, but merely the best we have.

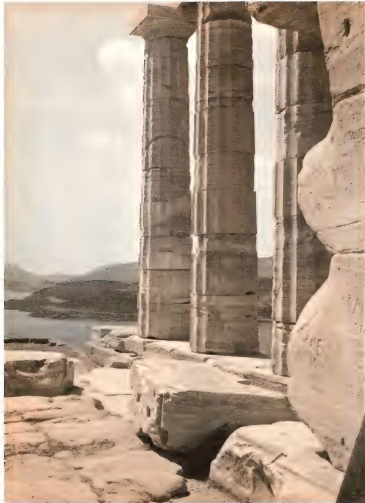
Those who get to know him—both anglers and divers—are glad to have the barracuda around. He is an interesting and respectable challenger in the sporting life of man. Among those who do not know him, or who profit from the sale of fear, the slander doubts will continue. It scarcely matters. Harsh words will never drive the barracuda away. As Dr. de Sylva



HAPPY GRIPPER Hush Hush leads a 42-inch barracuda off the Florida Keys.

points out, "In the evolutionary struggle the barracuda has done at least as well as man. He is a very successful animal, biologically speaking. He has found his niche and adapted himself to it so well that his continued existence is assured. The great barracuda is here to stay. As more and more of us invade his private world, it would be folly for us to ignore him. If we're going to play on his reef, we ought at least to learn his ground rules."

END



The spare beauty of the isles of Greece has not been ornamented or diminished in the 3,000 years since Homer's day. A modern sailor uses none of the same landmarks Ulysses used and passes the ruins of towns and temples familiar to the epic wanderer.

CRUISING THE WINE-DARK SEA

by CARLETON MITCHELL

What sets the Greek islands apart from all other islands in the world is something that cannot be charted or accounted for in a gazetteer. It is something in the mind or in the imagination. It is the history men live by—unconsciously, since it all happened many centuries ago, when, in and about these islands, people began to dream that mankind one day might civilize itself. The Greeks made brave beginnings toward that dream, with their literature, philosophy and art, and if it remains a dream to this day, it is a necessary one, however remote (perhaps impossible) its fulfillment may be. They foresaw the failure of the dream, too, some of the ancients who lived near these restless waters. The waves breaking on the Cyclades still sound Matthew Arnold's "eternal note of sadness," in the same way

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean.

In the thousands of years since Greece's classic age, the Cyclades have kept the simplicity dear to its poets and architects. Here are no shades of color and tone, no green of woodland bounded by meadow and field, no flower gardens and gay-painted houses glimpsed through foliage. Here is only the clear-etched line of barren hill and mountainside against the blistering blue of sea and sky, clusters of houses whitewashed into brilliance as blinding as the spume on offshore ledges. Goats browse where the eye cannot spot a single spear of grass, bees produce honey from unshaded rock, wheat manages to find crevices to survive.

The people survive, too. They accept their need to make a living out of the earth and the sea. Their humble lives have a dignity worthy of the islands' distinguished past. They are proud of the classic ruins, but prouder of their lively present. They are friendly—and there is a pleasant logic in the fact that *smiso*, the Greek word for stranger, also means guest.

As I stepped aboard the 60-foot schooner *Aegean* in Pasa Limani, the Pasha's Harbor, on the Athens waterfront, I at once felt more like a guest than a stranger. *Aegean* had begun life as *Cometion*, 20 years before. Her frames were made of Madeira from Abaco in the Bahamas, her planking of Florida long-leaf pine. A veteran of many Atlantic passages and a hurricane off Bermuda, *Aegean* had come into the ownership of an old shipmate of mine. This was Horace W. (Hod) Fuller, late of Boston, late a brigadier general in the U.S. Marines, with service from Guadalcanal to France, now of Athens. Hod Fuller had written: "Let me show you something different in the way of islands."

Now, as *Aegean* heeled, I was having my first taste of the melrose, the wind off Mount Hymettus, a wind as characteristic of the region as the trades of the tropics. And lingering on my palate was the flavor of ouzo, the smoky, licorice-flavored brew that is the national drink of Greece. I was having my first impression of another characteristic of Attica, too, the quality of the light. Clear in the afternoon sun was the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon, a sailor's landmark through the centuries. Somehow, I did not seem to be looking at it through several miles of intervening atmosphere, but up

continued

The temple to Poseidon at Cape Sounion (left) is marked by ruin and the names of tourists. Lord Byron wrote his—and so probably did Kilroy.

close, as in a reversed telescope. There was the perspective of distance without the haze of distance. This clarity underlines the simplicity of the Cyclades, making the noon sun harsh, sharpening each line of the islands. Yet the same clarity melts into many-shaded varnishes and sunsets and softly luminous nights.

Our course carried us southward, close under the shore. Even here whitecaps marched in close ranks, for the *nevelos* blew fresh. As we passed Point Voulasmet the wind chopped from almost dead air to forward of the beam. Standing amidships, I turned the gazing of oldtime ships. Three headmasts lifted from the sharply sleeved bowsprit over a gilded transom, three masts with sails set up with dead-eyes and lanyards, all remnants of another vanished age. *Agios*, with her tanned sails of canvas, clipper bow, lubber's net, midships bulwarks and raised poop complete with rail, was herself an anachronism, a Cape Homer in miniature.

Spendrift planned to leeward like smoke, the light faded slowly. Phoebus Apollo neared the end of his daily drive in the sun chariot, Asena, a new quality came over Athens, a soft glow, faintly rose, touching Mount Hymettus and the clouds above. The glow tinted the columns of the Parthenon, and then came that sunset miracle which recalled the ancient epithet of Athens, City of the Violet Crown.

As Athens disappeared, Cape Sounion lifted, last bastion before the open Aegean. According to the *Sailing Directory*, "This cape, well known to navigators, often delayed by difficulty in doubling it, was dedicated to Poseidon." At the summit stood a ruined temple to the god of the sea, and in the sheltered cove at its base huddled a fleet of caiques, the high-bowed, slab-sided ships of burden that have remained almost unchanged for 2,000 years.

From the heights clusters of tourists near parked buses gaped down as *Agios* surged beachy past, ignoring the warning of the anchored caiques. Sounion is one of those capes that separate the seagoing goats from the harbor-bound sheep. We were no sheep—eventually we stood forth into the wine-dark sea of Ulysses.

Soon the full might of the *nevelos* caught us, funneling down the Mandra Channel between the narrow island of Makrotesse and the shore of Attica. Short, steep seas began coming aboard in solid sheets, cold. They poured off the backs of sails and sloshed deep in the scuppers, slowing us to bare steerageway. Phoebus Apollo called it a day. With the last light, we were back in the fold behind Cape Sounion, happily aware of the joys of harboring, sipping out in tiny glasses, listening to the whine in the rigging as *Agios* rolled gently to swells from her namesake sea, glad to be warm, cozy sheep rather than frozen goats.

We were awake and away from an empty anchorage at 6:30 next morning. The caiques had taken off like a covey of quail at the first light. The October air was nippy, but the *nevelos* was a whisper instead of a shout, barely enough wind to fill sails against the sea still running. Powering into the path of the sun, we rounded the cape.

The Greek isles are divided both by geography and nomenclature into three main groups. The Ionian Islands are to the west, at the mouth of the Adriatic Sea, between the peninsulas of Italy and Greece. In the Aegean are the Cyclades, closest to the mainland, and the Sporades (which include the Dodecanese), an outer perimeter scattered carelessly by nature from the shore of Turkey to the far north along the Greek mainland. All, of course, are the tops of mountains lying on a submerged base, reflecting the rugged contours of the southern Balkans, which did not sink in the giant prehistoric convulsions. The Greek islands are easy cruising, deep water running close to shore, with few outlying dangers (well charted) and numerous harbors.

There is only one difficulty to sailing the Aegean. As the Red Sea and the surrounding deserts heat in the sun, a low-pressure area forms. Far to the north, the Black Sea and southern Russia are cool, creating a high. Air flows down this pressure gradient to spill out of the Dardanelles and sweep across the Aegean as the *nevelos*, a wind which at times can attain gale velocities.

According to Hod Faller, the ideal schedule would be to visit the easternmost islands of the Aegean in May and June. The *nevelos* does not begin until summer, and then blows hardest and most regularly during July and August. This early start would allow travel along the Turkish coast from Lesbos to Rhodes, the Dodecanese, and from Rhodes a slant to Crete if desired, followed by a sail through the Cyclades to Spinali and the Gulf of Athens. When the *nevelos* began, the cruiser would pass through the Corinth Canal into the Adriatic, touching the Ionian islands, ending at Corfu. Beyond this are the Dalmatian coast, Venice and other delights

"*Agios*," a 60-foot schooner with features from the Bahamas and



of the Adriatic. Then (still on the ideal schedule) the cruise could continue around the tip of Italy, before the Adriatic bore winds begin in September, with the whole Mediterranean ahead.

The best cruising time for the Aegean is spring, when winter rains have touched the islands with wild flowers and patches of green. The second best period is late August, September and into October, when the *swells* slack off but winter cold has not arrived. If only July and August are possible, stay behind Cape Sounion, spend your time cruising the Ionian group, or be prepared for occasional hard tails and days in harbor.

As we dropped Cape Sounion astern, the *swells* did not return. Instead, the sea, first in the Mandri and then in the more open Kea Channel, lay surprisingly flat, dimpled by occasional crests and flaws from the surrounding mountain heights. Lazily we rolled along. *Aegean* is comfortable as an old mother hen. And gradually a harbor opened on the northwest corner of Kea Island, Port San Nikolo, toward which Hod had laid a course.

We slid into the embrace of the land, a whitewashed lighthouse to port, a whitewashed village to starboard. Dark-brown sails dried in the sun above the cobbled foreshore, fishing caiques were moored in water blue and smooth, a peasant rode a donkey down a rocky path, a tiny chapel perched on a hill. *Aegean* passed another point into another cove, a yacup of a harbor, with yet another and tinier village. Suddenly the anchor chain rattled through the hawsepipes, and there was the stillness following harsh sound when lesser sounds are magnified. We could hear goats and chickens, and from

plentiful of Florida pine, those her dark, such in Plover Harbor.



afar the rumbling of an unseen cart. A few pale trees stood near the water at either end of the village, but all else was barren, the hillside a pattern of boulders. The sun blazed down, as in the days when Kea boasted six temples to Apollo and two to his sister Diana; or the earlier era when a huge stone lion was hewn from the living rock of the island by men predating the Athenian civilization. Minoan rovers from Crete, who controlled the sea and its traffic—papyrus and gold from Egypt, copper from Cyprus, ivory from Syria, cedar from Lebanon, dye from Tyre.

That afternoon we ghosted out of the harbor and along the coast to the north point of Kea, where an increasing breeze took us in charge for Syros, 30 miles to the southeast. To port lay Andros, to starboard Kythnos and Seriphos. It was a sparkling day, and gradually we added every sail in *Aegean's* locker, so that the wake lay white and broad astern.

I remembered the *Odyssey* and what Ulysses, when he was home in Ithaca, had said of some incident of his long voyage: "The wind was fair, a fresh northerly, and we speeded along as if we were running downstream in a river." A pleasant *swell* like this one, no doubt.

It was nearly dark when we crept close to the shore of Krati Bay, so it was not until next morning that I looked down through water as clear as in the Bahamas or Tahiti to grass on the bottom three fathoms below, and watched little fish nose the anchor chain. Ashore, fishermen spread nets to dry after their night of work as we steamed and began our day.

Outside, I decided the Aegean is actually a deeper blue than water elsewhere, almost in certain lights the wine-dark sea of Homer, which suggests purple overtones.

The bow swung toward Varn Bay, on the far side of Syros, and I walked aft to Hod at the wheel. "Bread," he said. "We can get some from the monastery on the hill." The anchor splashed down at the head of the cove, and fishermen squatting in the shade of a beached caïque looked up. Hod called in Greek, pointed and one of the men began to climb the path, returning at last with two thick, round loaves. He launched a boat and rowed alongside, and there was a rapid rattle of Greek, the cook poking his head through the fore/cle scuttle to join. Voices rained, hands waved and the argument seemed to grow heated, before money was passed and the man rowed smilingly back to his friends. Robber, I thought, remembering experiences in various parts of the world: rapacious taxi drivers, piratical water-front bums and curthorn characters who demanded largess for petty favors. "How much did he want, Hod?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "He took money for the bread but I couldn't get him to take anything for himself. Said we were *axoi* and he was glad to help."

Outside again, we sun-bathed under a cloudless and windless sky, the diesel kicking as along over a calm sea. Lazily on our way to fabled Delos, we talked and read, until suddenly Rhenia was alongside, once an island of life and death. In 426 B.C. Athens had decreed it forbidden to be born or die on Delos; expectant mothers and the ill were transported across the narrow gap of water to this adjoining isle. Rhenia, a sad and savage footnote to a glorious culture.

continued

Delos comes closest of the Greek islands to re-creating the look and feel of the past. Since 1873 excavations have gone on without cease, until much has been restored of a golden-age city. Here are shrines sacred to Apollo; here are shops along stone-paved streets, and the ruins of houses; quays for ships, with warehouses and taverns behind; and even "foreign colonies," for among the ruins archaeologists have discovered the gods and household furnishings of Egyptians, Syrians and, later, Romans.

It must have been a gracious and spacious city, beautifully situated, looking out over water on three sides, with gleaming marble temples crowning the hillsides behind.

Delos in many ways is a summation of the tragedy of Greece. The Cyclades group takes its name from being arranged in a cycle, or circle, around Delos, and in ancient times it was a religious and commercial center. Through its history it was preyed upon by successive waves of covetous outsiders: first the Egyptians; then Athens in the days of rival city-states; then the Romans, followed in turn by barbarians from the north; the Knights Hospitallers of St. John during the Crusade of 1333; the Venetians; the roving sea pirates in every age; and finally the Turks—all pillaging and stripping and carrying away, until Delos was reduced to the level of a goat pasture. Everywhere relics of the great era—the marble columns, the ruined temples, the walls patterning the hillsides and the terraced stone platforms of forgotten fields—are as stark as skeletons in the desert.

Silently we walked the silent streets. Beside us strode the stunted post, while offshore Agoronevung in waters that had borne every successive marine vehicle since the dawn of time. Yet if Delos is an island of ghosts, before dark we had arrived at a place very much alive—Mykonos, the Capri of the Aegean, less than 10 miles away.

Even from the sea Mykonos looks gay. Beyond a breakwater the town rises, tier on tier, ivory-white, dotted by the red and blue domes of churches, while tiny chapels perch on every prominent hilltop. There are 363 places of worship on the island, "one for every day of the year," many built by sailors who had taken vows during storms.

Tiny tables like those of a Parisian sidewalk café rim the waterfront, and natives and visitors sip ouzo or thick black coffee in tiny cups while watching the harbor pagans and passing merchants. Narrow streets and alleyways twist up a natural amphitheater of hillside, nowhere a straight line, donkey trails lined by houses. Each turn brings an architectural delight, a flight of steps and a doorway, chimneys and dovescotes like canoes against the sky, a glimpse into a courtyard. By sunlight or moonlight all is dazzlingly white; in Mykonos not only are the houses whitewashed, but the cobble streets as well.



"Agrippa's" route was charted through the Cyclades to Spina, Paros and faded Delos.

But Mykonos has been discovered. Boatloads of trippers arrived regularly, shops were consciously quaint, arty characters in baggy slacks lounged at the waterfront tables.

Yet all the artificial seemed to fade away as Hod told me the saga of Petros, Peter the Pelican, who had been brought back from Florida by a returning sailor. At first a great curiosity as the only pelican on the Aegean, Petros soon became the town pet. Fishermen tossed him fish, until he became so fat and lazy he could barely rise from the water. As Hod talked, Petros was lifted from the cobble beach, perched on the stern of a dinghy by a villager, who then tossed him scraps. But the idyllic life of Petros once was interrupted by fishermen from the nearby island of Tenos, who then declined to give him back. Enraged, the town fathers of Mykonos sent a telegram to the prime minister of Greece, refusing to vote in the coming national elections unless redress was made. Without waiting for a reply, fishermen, armed with antique hammer shotguns, piled aboard caiques, surrounded the house of the mayor of Tenos, forced the liberation of Petros and returned triumphantly to Mykonos.

Mykonos had been decided upon as the most northerly and easterly point of our cruise, as I wanted in the time available to visit Spetsai and other islands fringing the Peloponnese and see something of the Gulf of Athens. So after a morning ashore and lunch aboard we began the 20-mile run to Paros, arriving to anchor at sunset in the completely landlocked harbor of Naoussa.

Early in the morning we were away for Port Paroikia, the principal town of Paros. Even from the water I was enchanted: a long crescent of beach, nets drying on the sand between gaily-painted boats pulled up on rollers, a centuries-old circular marble lighthouse on the quay. It was Sunday, and ashore we found the town crowded with peasants dressed in their best. Across from Hotel Miltos at the edge of the sea was a donkey parking lot. As each group came down the path from the hills, the donkeys were driven into a shaded

enclosure by an attendant, while papa and mama and the children walked the rest of the way.

It was a simple and friendly people who scattered the streets. Stones, barbershops and taverns were busy. As in Mykonos, each turn of every narrow cobbled lane brought a new vista, but here all was softened by foliage. Bunches of grapes hung from balconies, and there were purple plaques of morning glories and red blades of hibiscus against the whitewashed walls. Palms could be glimpsed through arched gateways. Of the Cyclades, Paros was the greenest. Although perhaps less picturesque than Mykonos—the whitewash is not so dazzlingly bright, there are less up-and-downs and twist to the streets, and fewer architectural gems—I found Paros less loathly.

By late afternoon we were away. The sun had set when *Agave* ghosted into Port Linadhi on Serifos. We rowed ashore in the dusk to have a drink at the *taverna*. Typically, it was a plain, bare room, with a few tables and chairs on a cement floor, lighted by kerosene lamps. Two fishermen playing backgammon in a corner rewarded a greeting as we entered, and the proprietor and his wife saluted Hedi as an old friend, putting out the best ouzo and a bowl of Amphimou olives, purple as grapes and wrinkled as prunes.

Later, back aboard *Agave*, we sat in the cockpit while the moon lifted above the encircling peaks. Softly over the water came a voice singing a laments in the thin high monotone of the East, a sad sound, yet lovely. We watched the village on the hillside above. It had suddenly been illuminated by the rising moon, tiers of houses hanging on a slope steep enough to tax a goat.

Hedi had warned me that Aegean weather could change

swiftly, but my last look at the serenity did not prepare me for awakening to rain pattering on deck and whistling guns through the rigging. At 6:30, when we got under way for the longest open-water passage of the cruise, lead-dull clouds were masking the sunrise. Clad in slickies, we poked around the sheltering point into a small but lumpy sea.

We found only a moderate southerly. Sails were added one after another until *Agave* roared along. Asteria, the dropping Cyclades merged with distant rain squalls, and the 65-mile passage vanished in water tumbling under the broad quarter. By midafternoon *Agave* slid into the snug harbor of Spetsai.

Spetsai is like a place in the Mediterranean, perhaps a French Riviera town or an Italian island. It is much graver than anything in the off-lying Aegean archipelago, and much more sophisticated. From the deck, as we approached, could be seen tall Lebanon cedars, dark against the paler green of palms, pines and olive trees. The houses, in a long crescent facing the sea, were clustered and imposing, obviously the part-time residences of people who worked elsewhere and came to Spetsai to enjoy a leisured life. Spetsai is a resort, the summer home of wealthy Athenians. Sidewalks and approaches to the villas are intricate mosaics of black and white pebbles, usually nautical in motif—anchors, crossed oars, compass roses, even full-rigged ships. Yachts cluster in the inner harbor, and fishing boats nestle behind a protecting breakwater off the central square, overlooked by the outdoor tables of the *tavernas*.

Separated by only a narrow strait is Spethopoula, the private domain of Stavros Niarchos, Greek shipping magnate.

(continued)



The quaint fishing town of Mykonos, whitewashed and whitewashed, is the fairest town in the Aegean, a new Capt. of the *Agave*.

Going ashore by invitation, we were overwhelmed by a gigantic works program. Dredges, divers and barges were busy on a breakwater forming a harbor for Crete, at 190 feet over-all one of the largest sailing yachts afloat, and lesser vessels of a private fleet; bulldozers and grading equipment constructed roads; a small army of Cretan men transformed and enlarged a villa. Gamekeepers supervised a battery of pheasant-breeding pens, and at adjoining kennels trainers exercised dogs. Idec noosed the heavy undergrowth while over the trees towered a radio antenna.

Avoid, Hedi and I were content to anchor for the night in a deserted cove at the western end of Spinali called Zoyoria. Cannon braced at the water's edge to take the barrels of vanished ships testified to departed importance. Around us grew olive trees, pale and silvery, and spears of soil-abstract tropic in aspect, but above on the hillside signified the heavy dark pines of temperate latitudes. We seemed a thousand miles from the stark Cyclades. Rain fell during the night as the wind swung, but Algona lay snug in her rock nest.

We awakened to a fresh welsh that had swept the sky clear of cobwebs. It was a crisp morning of dancing whitecaps and glittering spray as *Algona* beat through Pelas Strait, to port extended the shores of the Peloponnesian peninsula, to starboard Hydra Island. Looking at the chart and at the shore, nowhere was a straight line.

It was a reminder that the coastline of Greece is one of the longest in the world in proportion to the area of the land, 18 times that of France, and 4½ times longer than England's.

Behind the stone breakwater of Port Hydra was a log jam of cunies being made ready for winter, driftlines wedged like kindling between gaps. Villagers sat placidly sipping coffee at wicker tables, descendants of sturdy fighting men who had had a major part in the battle against Turkish occupation, a struggle that was fiercely waged during 1821-29. In 1821 Hydra boasted a population of 40,000 and a fleet of 150 ships. It was a base of marine guerrilla warfare that not only raided commerce but launched hit-and-run attacks against the sprawling Ottoman Empire. The leading families made great fortunes from plunder but put them back into the war of liberation. Nothing remains now but a village of less than 3,000, drawing in its memories.

Lingering, we slipped out until after sunset and moonrise over the

mountains. Dinner was leisurely. We were giving the welcome time to sleep as it does most nights. Suddenly, fog came through a short steep sea to Perros, again wholly different from anything we had visited. Behind a headland extended a long narrow inlet. At the far end was the port, caiques moored bow to stern along the quay. Across the narrow cobbled street mood-showered houses, looking like miniature fortresses, but reduced to greenery in the Christmassive effect of street lights running up the hillside to a single narrow peak.

Instead of stopping off the town, Hedi passed through another gap into an inner harbor. I had been told it resembled an Italian lake, and it did, even in moonlight. In bright sunshine the next morning the effect was even more startling: the same blue water, the same green hills rising to high mountains purple in the haze of distance, the same dark spaces of cedars, white villas with red-tile roofs, patterns of villages in the distance, and lace-handkerchief clouds, much softer-textured than those that hang over oceans.

There is always a reluctance to come to the end of a cruise. This time the gods tried to compensate by providing perfect conditions. We hoisted sail in the salt lake and sailed for the pure joy of sailing, "nothing to hit except shore with your bowsprit," as Hedi said, before passing out through a redoubt out into the Gulf of Athens. A steep hillside greeted us, but within two hours the anchor was down inside the

harbor of Aegina. After the quiet ports we were in, it seemed active as an anthill. Caiques awaited turn to unload at the quays. Small continuing steamers laden with passengers maneuvered in the central square.

We walked ashore. Some fishermen mended nets on the cobbles, fingers and toes following the intricate patterns, while others evaluated paint on seamed caiques. There was a feeling of fall in the air. The summer had taken in their ownings, houses and shops stood shuttered.

In the afternoon we were away to a dying sunset. By the time we neared Athens the sun was low over Salamis Island. A full moon lifted over the slopes of Mount Hymettus. Lights winked from naval vessels offshore. Their reflections in the city rippled in tiny dots up the hillside. As *Algona* moved through the breakwater in the wake of so many ghostly ships, there was suddenly the purple afterglow, the violet crown, a miracle of beauty to mourning sailors through the centuries. Then it was night, and in the moonlight gleamed the Acropolis, lowest creation of man. **END**

General Zorba looks seaward from "kennel's" deck.



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

It was a frustrating week for Purdue Coach Ray Eddy. First, Northwestern caught his team looking ahead in Ohio State, wrapped up talented Terry Dinwiddie in a collapsing zone and upset Purdue 94-62. Then, Ohio State, playing with its usual devastating efficiency, took the steam out of the hapless Boilermakers and thrashed them 92-62. Although even to a stout defender an OSU's crowding John Harbeck had trouble tying down Dinwiddie, who fitted away deceptively for 26 points, the Boilermakers never let things get out of hand. When the Purdue defense sagged to surround Jerry Lucas, backcourt sharpshooters Larry Siegfried and Mel Nowell shot over the harried Boilermakers for 21 and 17 points, respectively. Meanwhile Big Luke, moving gracefully in and around the pivot, passed off when he found himself cornered in, looked and jumped for 17 points when given room and used his uncanny sense of timing to haul down 17 rebounds. "Who do you try to stop?" reasoned Eddy. "We've never been so outgassed in our

lives. This is truly a great team." But the unbeaten Boilermakers were not yet out of the treacherous Big Ten woods. They must still worry about Iowa and Indiana, which returned from a three-week layoff to overtake pesky DuPaul 81-73.

Oklahoma State's only flank line may not win many Big Eight games this year, but its meticulous ball-control game has the chief contenders rattling to themselves. Kansas State finally managed to shake off the slow-dribbled Cowboys, but needed some aggressive ball-sweeping and nine straight points in the last few minutes to beat them 45-43 and remain within reach of first-place Kansas.

Missouri Valley leader Bradley, bothered by Marquette's zone in an annoyingly close first half, broke out of the trap with a well-executed fast break to win 84-65. St. Louis, mixing slowdown with tight defense, held St. John's Tony Jackson to 11 points and beat the Redmen 66-55 (see page 12). Meanwhile, Cincinnati was quietly getting ready for a real run at the Missouri Valley title: The Improving Bearcats, in several places, beat Duke 80-70 for their ninth straight. More significantly, Cincinnati will play all but one of its remaining league games at home. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (10-0)
2. BRADLEY (10-0)
3. INDIANA (9-2)

THE EAST

Dartmouth's shrewd Doggie Jaffar, like many another college coach, is troubled by the increasing number of games won at the foul line. But, unlike most coaches, Doggie has a solution: award three points for a field goal. Last Saturday, Dartmouth and Boston U. experimented with the Jaffar plan. Dartmouth shot 34 field goals to BU's 22 and won 119-88. The only noticeable difference: the score was higher.

While St. Louis-merit wrestled with midyear games and St. John's was losing in the Midwest, Iowa began its campaign in a postseason tournament candidate. The Cadets beat Indiana 77-74 in overtime, then surprised Ivy League leader Princeton 64-62 on Ron Harmon's last-second basket for their eighth straight. Villanova, after losing to Pitt 87-85, continued its downhill slide against St. Joseph's. The battling Hawks got a hot hand from Bill Hay, who scored six points

in the last two minutes, and edged the William 64-62. Temple, held to 14 shots in the second half by a stringent LaSalle defense, still managed to win 63-57. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (10-0)
2. ST. JOHN'S (10-0)
3. ARMY (10-0)

THE WEST

The Big Five was ready for a showdown. 1984 and 1984, after warming up on mutual loss, were looking ahead to their two-game series this weekend. The rugged Trojans hurled past Air Force 74-51 and Denver 68-32; the Bruins trampled Denver 85-61 and Air Force 88-78.

The Skyline, too, was heading for a decision. Colorado State U., which preceded its uneasy lead by beating Wyoming 73-53, will tackle Utah Thursday at Salt Lake City. But the Utes, who grabbed out a 58-41 slowdown victory over Santa Clara, will be tiring to run again. The top three:

1. UNIV (10-0)
2. UTAH (11-0)
3. WYLO (10-0)

THE SOUTH

It is like the quiet before the storm in this usually turbulent area. Mississippi State, perched at the top of the SEC, was wary of Florida after the Gators, gauged up on Georgia, chasing the Bulldogs with a fast break and whipping them 99-65. Duke celebrated North Carolina's withdrawal from the ACC championship tournament (see page 1) with a 59-59 victory over Clemson; Southern Conference leader West Virginia, fired up by sophomore Rod Thair, beat William and Mary 75-68; Louisiana's big front line was too much for Kentucky Wednesday and the Cardinals won 82-68. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (10-0)
2. DUKU (10-0)
3. LOUISVILLE (9-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference was like but two of its teams compared outside with satisfying results. Arkansas, beaten by Tulsa's full-court press in December, avoided a similar disaster by having Guards Jerry Carlson and Clyde Rhodes fiddle around in The Hurricane quickly ran out of wind, and Arkansas won 68-58. SMU and Oklahoma City, both ragged enough to make it close, traded offers but the last one belonged to the Chiefs. With five seconds to go, they let SMU's 6-foot-6 Jan Loudenshik flip in a left-handed hook shot and they lost 68-67. Observed OCU's Abe Lerman wryly: "It looked like a consolation game in a YMCA league." The top three:

1. TEXAS (10-0)
2. WASHINGTON (11-0)
3. TEXAS A&M (9-0)



ONE-WAY STRETCH by Ohio State's Harbeck beats Purdue's Dinwiddie to pass during victory over Boilermakers.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

AMBASSADOR IN CHIEF

Sir: I was extremely interested to read about our chess champion Bobby Fischer. His comments on the character of Mr. Tal are childish. Whether he likes it or not, Bobby Fischer is an ambassador of the U.S. Admittedly a tremendously talented chess player, Bobby nevertheless has a great deal to learn about the other spheres of life, of which there are many (whether he realizes it or not).

G. GERALD SKAY

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Your article on young chess deity Bobby Fischer was an outstanding job of biography. Regardless of how one feels about Bobby personally, it should be readily admitted that he possesses potential greatness in the chess world and perhaps something of lasting value in the more human realm, too.

BOB WILSON

Cambridge, Mass.

PROGRESS AND PLUNDER

Sir: Congratulations on the amazingly accurate and excellent writing by Cole Fixley in *The Steers in the Spiders* (Jan. 16).

JOHN M. ANDERSON

Port Clinton, Ohio

Sir: Why must progress always be measured in terms of huge ugly cities, a bulging population, production of steel and automobiles, construction of dams, soil put to the plow, bushels of wheat corn and all the other phony indices, including: successful rockets?

It would seem that a better measure of progress would be in terms of stable population, uncluttered streams, wilderness areas, unspoiled prairie paths, beautiful forests, a cool mountain pool, an abundance of fish and wildlife, and a place in nature where man can be at peace with himself in this confused world.

GLAUN SUTHERMAN

Providence, Utah

Sir: Excellent!

II ROBERT MILLER

Ely, Nev.

EDITORIALLY SOFT

Sir: When you put together the articles about Bill Veerk's aversion to needles, and the Toronto Maple Leafs and their retired box-out pattern, you hit the nail on the head (SCIENCE, Jan. 23). Besides grinning against becoming "pharmaceutically soft," we must also guard against a deterioration in traditional dressing habits.

If Bill Veerk's mother-in-law would be good enough to give him a snappy tie for a birthday present, I think he would wear it with her blessing, and dress up like a successful businessman should.

ART HARRIS

Huntley, Ill.

BILL OF RIGHTST

Sir: I agree wholeheartedly with Billy Talbot concerning the merger of amateur and pro tennis (The Cup Runneth Out, Jan. 16). If tennis dies nationally it will die in the individual. We need the Commodore of the U.S., so why not the Davis died of grief?

CHARLES J. KIRBY

Villanova, Pa.

INDOOR STORY

Sir: You state "America's third indoor track season opens . . ." (Olympians Advance, Jan. 16). This is the 90th indoor track season.

WALLY DOSOVICH

Liberty, N.Y.

● Wally Dosovich, author and publisher of the *All Time Indoor Track and Field Record Book*, is right; the first indoor track meet was held in 1888. However, it was not until 1888 that indoor track was formally organized under the AAU.—ED.

FOUR NINE

Sir: I was very disappointed by Gwynn Brown's implication that graduates from other schools could demand record-breaking two-mile Bruce Kidd from seeking admission to Harvard University next fall (The Kid and the Kid, Jan. 23).

The conceivable advantages of superior athletic facilities at a lesser scholastic institution is no substitute for the intellectual excellence of one of the world's great universities.

MICHAEL JAY LINDINE

Chicago

Sir: Kidd happens to be a bona fide candidate for admission to both Toronto and Harvard. He has told Harvard interviewers that track is important only for the next four years and he would drop out of the Harvard race now if he thought Harvard could exploit his track life way Boston University does High jumper John Thomas. If Bruce does not enter either Toronto or Harvard, it will be because of those terrible track coaches who depended upon him after his record race and now harm him to death.

BAYLEY P. MASON

Boston

continued

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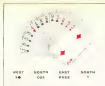
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PROBLEM 1, shown above, gives hand and previous bidding to South who is vulnerable. South should bid three no trump. Less desirable bids are pass or five clubs.

QUIZ QUIZZED

Sly

By Charles Goren's *Face-and Bridge Quiz* (Dec. 26): Surely the hand in problem 7 is worth a slam attempt, and just as surely there is no trump by South fails to indicate the slam possibility. Since North was vulnerable and had not heard from East or South, five clubs must be a laydown.

If North has the ace-king of hearts and ace-king of diamonds, a single spade and good club support, six clubs is odd-on. A five-club bid by South has a better chance to get there than three no trump.

Then in problem 18, assuming that a three-no-trump bid by North denies three-card spade support to the king or queen, wouldn't a four no-trump response by South ask for a washout or withdrawal for North's opening bid?

If North holds king-small or queen-small in spades and the queen of diamonds among his 16 points, he will certainly have real tough shuffling to make a bid of six no trump.

G. R. WILSON

Winthrop, Mass.

● In problem 7, Editor Goren says that slam will depend upon finding partner with enough assets to induce him to move out of three no trump. Any of the following hands would qualify as an adequate double of three spades but would not produce a slam;

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PROBLEM 18 again shows South hand with previous bidding. South's best bid now is four diamonds. Other acceptable bids are six no trump or five no trump.

the first two might be set at five clubs:

♠	♥	♠	♥
Q 2	K Q J 9	A K J	J 9 8 3
Q	K Q J 9	A J 10 4	J 10 8 2
A	K Q J 9	K J 10 9	J 10 8 3

As for problem 18, there is no valid reason for assuming that North's hand does not include three spades to the king or queen; nor would four no trump do justice to the hand.

With 16 high-card points in South's hand, North knows that the partnership total is at least 32, assuming that he has the minimum. This would leave the hand a bit shaky for a no-trump slam.

Playing the hand at a suit would add two full points of distributional value to South's assets and put the combined holding at the 34 mark at least.

One possible North hand should reveal the value of the four-diamond bid:

♠	♥	♠	♥
K 10	K J 3	Q 10 8 7	A K 4 3

North has an absolute minimum, and six no trump hinges entirely on catching the spade queen; yet six diamonds is a laydown.—ED.

PAT ON THE BACK



CLEM BILL

50 years of tenpins

Spare and spry Clem Bill of South Bend, Ind., has seen his bowling game slip in recent years, but he doesn't mind too much. At the age of 85, he figures a 125 average is more than respectable. Three decades ago Clem bowled regularly in the 180s, and at age 74 he rolled a 267 in a national tournament. But since he broke his knee in 1958 he admits his game hasn't been up to snuff. However, he insists, "I'm not the worst on the team; the captain's average is only

118 and he's not even half my age."

The team Clem refers to is that of Deewyns, a South Bend brewery; he rolls with it every Wednesday evening. Clem can't remember when he started howling, but he thinks it was probably around 50 years ago. Next month he plans to participate, for the 18th consecutive year, in the Turner Bowling League's national tournament. And after that, how long will the outspoken oldest go on bowling? "Long as I'm able," says Clem Bill.



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SHOPWALK

Bright color, especially in citrus hues, is this year's fashion for resort wear.

Long before President John F. Kennedy turned up the publicity heat in Palm Beach, that venerable resort was known as the place where men's fashion trends, particularly in sports clothes, were born. This season, the big Worth Avenue accent is on color with special emphasis on such citruslike hues as orange, lemon and lime. The President, as much a



style-setter as his wife, endorsed the new trend by wearing lemon-yellow slacks while golfing at Seminole this winter.

One reason for Palm Beach's fashion pre-eminence is a glossy men's shop, with barber shop in the rear and fountained courtyard adjoining, called Schur's at 312 Worth Avenue. Schur's moneyed, style-conscious customers make the shop a club as well as a haberdashery. A big item here this season is a light, pinwaile corduroy slacks, in such heretofore unseen corduroy-slacks colors as hot orange (above), yellow, pale pink, red, olive, lime and sky blue. They are pleatless, neatly tailored and popular for golf and for sparking up a navy blazer at cocktail time. They cost a reasonable

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THE HOMESTEAD



\$14.50. To wear with them, Schur's offers a group of box-cloth belts, with rich buckles, in almost as many bright colors—red, blue, black, white, yellow and green. They cost \$3.

Another handsome Schur's specialty—particularly popular with the resort's golfers—is hand-knit, cabled



socks. One style, cabled all around and in half-hose length, comes from Holland (\$7.50). Among the many colors to choose from are navy, yellow and green. A really unique pair of socks from Schur's—with one cable down each side—is illustrated above. They are knit to order by an industrious lady from Fort Pierce, Fla. in any of 75 different colors, to your size, and either in half- or full-hose length. President Kennedy ordered them in powder-blue, yellow, gray and purple. They cost \$10.50 and at present the lady takes four weeks to fill an order.

George Stinchfield of 210 Worth Avenue is another man responsible for Palm Beach's brightly dressed resorters. George goes North with the birds in late spring to his shops at Edgartown and Nantucket while Schur summers at Southampton. This fact may explain the subtle difference in the character of their merchandise—Stinchfield's features

continued



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SHOPWALK continued

the New England-like madras to a
greater extent than Schur's.

In addition to all the madras, batik
jackets, trousers and shorts, Stinch-
field is also known for his bespoke
finds. One good one this year is an
authentic French savat-tous, wool-
ket cotton-knit shirt from Marseille
in blue-and-white or red-and-white
stripes, boat-neck and all. It costs \$7
and is illustrated on the preceding
page. Stinchfield also imports (be-
low) a long-sleeved golfer's wool-knit
shirt, with three-button, pull-over
styling and Italian collar. It has ver-
tical stripes and is available in either
pale green, gray or blue (\$17.50). It
goes well with one of the best-selling
shirts in Palm Beach—liven English-
made Daks in a whole color-card list



of colors. The model above, in Daks
styling, has no pleats and a frontier
pocket—fairly wild for the British
but just right for the slim warm-
weather resorter. The same linen
shacks come with single pleats for
gentlemen of more left. Blue, brick,
lemon, lime and natural are the big
colors, and \$50 is the price.

Other Stinchfield specialties are es-
padrilles of canvas duck—sturdier
than most and available in yellow,
orange, white, black, navy, green and
red (\$6).

—FRED R. SMITH

Lean, Swift and Big in Florida

Greyhound racing is fast becoming the No. 1 tourist attraction in the Sunshine State, already drawing almost twice the number attending the Thoroughbred tracks.

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

Uniflo, the No. 8 dog, was a big blue beindie, bright-eyed and eager while marching to the starting box. But when the lid flew open he broke tardily, took a couple of bumps going around the first turn, swung very wide at the final turn and finished fourth, beaten by six lengths.

Uniflo's owner, a long, lean Texan named George Fulton, shrugged and tore up his mutual tickets. "Well," he said, "that's the way it goes; I keep hoping each time that the dog will run better, but I'm beginning to think he never will."

Somebody in Fulton's party offered to buy a drink. Stepping up to the clubhouse bar, Fulton found himself next to a young couple who must have been standing there for some time, so full were they of euphoria and free advice. The young woman waved her program at him and bur-

bled: "Stop looking so sad. Play the No. 3 and get happy."

"You said it," her husband chimed in. "Play that beautiful, beautiful three."

A No. 3 dog had finished first ahead of Uniflo, paying \$6.20, and another No. 3 had won the previous race, paying \$30. The quintolas in the two races had paid \$21.20 and \$97.20. The young couple had their hands full of winning mutual tickets and \$20 bills.

"You see?" said the young woman. "It's No. 3 all the way."

Fulton winked at his friends and said, "I sort of liked the No. 8 in that last race."

The young woman was aghast at such stupidity. "The right's no good at all," she said emphatically. "I played the right the last time we were here, and it didn't do a thing."

"Right?" said her husband. "Take our advice and play the three. Say, would you fellows like a drink?"

But George Fulton seemed to have lost his thirst. "That's the way it goes," he told his friends. "They play 'em by the numbers. Let's go down and see how that dog of mine is cooling out."

The scene was Miami's West Flagler dog track, the time a while ago—and the gist of the incident, although the happy young woman and her husband were not aware of it, was greyhound racing's strange dilemma.

The greyhound—even the unsuccessful grade D greyhound like Uniflo—is one of nature's noblest animals, a swift and fierce competitor who needs no jockey to spur him on toward the finish line. There are numerous fanciers of the breed like Fulton, a Corpus Christi contractor, who race greyhounds as much for the sport of it as for the profit. Among other owners of kennels now racing at Flagler are a retired banker and coal mine owner, a prominent Florida lawyer-politician, the successful businesswoman wife of one of Miami's most

Continued



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Lean, Swift *continued*

successful attorneys and a young Miami society woman listed as an amateur artist.

Wherever greyhound racing has been introduced, it has been an immediate hit with U.S. sports fans. In Florida in particular its success has been positively dazzling. Florida now has 17 dog tracks, scattered all the way from Pensacola and Jacksonville down to Key West. At the height of the winter tourist season on a Saturday, five of the tracks will run 10 races in the afternoon and six of them another 10 or 11 at night. The total number of races run on such a day in Florida will be about 110—a remarkable figure in that it is close to the total number of horse races ever run in any single day of the year at all the Thoroughbred tracks all over the nation.

The attendance at these 110 odd races will compare favorably with the number of people who will go golfing in Florida that day, or even the number who will go boating or lie on the beaches. Many of Florida's business and political leaders now think of dog racing as their state's No. 1 tourist attraction, and they allow it to run all year, to attract visitors in the summer as well as the winter. In the course of the past year total attendance at the Florida dog tracks reached 5.5 million—a startling figure in that it was almost double the 2 million at-

tendance at the state's famous Thoroughbred tracks.

Dog racing's big advantage over the horses is its low cost. Only Miami of all Florida cities can possibly support first-rate horse tracks; only the Tampa St. Petersburg metropolitan area, the state's second largest, can support even a second-rate horse track. But small cities like Sarasota (44,000 plus the tourists) and Key West (34,000 plus the tourists) can easily support dog tracks.

Dog racing is horse racing seen through the wrong end of a chart reader's binoculars. A Hialeah barn housing 900 horses in training could easily accommodate a thousand dogs. Inside the mile-and-an-eighth racing oval at Hialeah could be packed many of the tiny dog tracks, a mere quarter mile in perimeter, around which the greyhounds run.

A greyhound can be fed for about a dollar a day, on a pound of horse meat and a pound or two of assorted celery, lettuce, carrots, sweetfeed, canned vegetable juice and dog biscuits. A kennel of 40 racing dogs can be trained by one man, with a little help from his wife, whereas a stable of 40 horses would require the services of at least a trainer, a farman, a dozen grooms, some hot walkers and half a dozen exercise boys. Thus dog owners can and do make money running for purses that would shock the most superstitious horseman. The standard purse money at the Florida



INTENT SPECTATORS SILENTLY ROOT FOR THEIR FAVORITES AS DOGS NEAR FINISH

tracks is 2% of the mutual handle, which means that the average purse at the small-town tracks is less than \$100, at St. Petersburg \$250, even at Miami only \$300.

Naturally, the dog owners would like to get more, and twice in the past 15 years they have staged bitter strikes against the track owners. Neither strike got anywhere, chiefly because greyhounds are even cheaper to breed than to race. A good brood bitch, with the help of a stud dog standing for a fee of \$100 or \$250, will produce two litters a year ranging from four pups to a dozen or more. In her lifetime she may send as many as 200 offspring to the races, and all these in turn can be prolific parents by the age of 2. In a pinch, the track owners could get together and import a few bitches from Ireland or Australia, where they are always for sale, and within a few years and a few generations have more than enough dogs of their own to fill every race they cared to run.

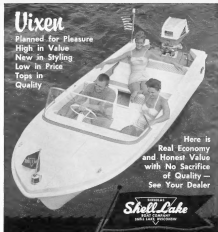
Like the compact automobile and 8-mm. movie camera, dog racing can offer its customers quite a lot for their money. Even at Flagler, which is a most comfortable racing establishment, grandstand parking is only a quarter, grandstand admission half a dollar. The tourist on a budget can drive his wife to the races and share a combination program and past performance sheet with her for a total cost of \$1.50. If he wants to live it up, he can drive her to the clubhouse entrance, turn his car over to a valet, buy two programs and two box seats (air-conditioned on hot nights, heated on cold nights) and still get by for \$4.70, including a quarter tip to the valet for bringing his car back to the entrance afterward.

At the smaller tracks parking is free and passes are plentiful, and the stands are full of people each night—particularly the old folks who have retired to Florida on small pensions—who have just come out for the show, who seldom buy a program and almost never make a bet. Whether betting or not, the spectators get their fill of action during their three hours or so at the track. At Flagler the races are run off 16 minutes apart. In some of the smaller cities, where the customers like to get to bed early, they are run off every 16 minutes. A man who wants to cash a couple of winning tickets, eat a hot dog, study

continued

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LEANING INTO TURN, BUNCHED PACK OF GREYHOUNDS TRIES TO OVERTAKE LEADER

Lean, Swift continued

his program, buy a win ticket and a quiniela ticket and get back to his seat for the next race has to hustle. But dog racing's fans seem to like the frantic pace. "I tried going to the horse track once," one of them said recently, "but I nearly fell asleep between the races. What's a person supposed to do with himself for half an hour?"

There are almost always eight dogs in a race, and the No. 1 dog always wears a red blanket, the No. 2 a blue blanket, the No. 3 a white; this is as traditional and immutable as the *serficios* in a bullfight. One field being marched to the post looks pretty much like any other. To most fans, indeed, one race looks pretty much like any other. The eight slim bodies converge on the first turn, flying into it at better than 30 miles an hour. After some scuffling and scrambling—too fast for the untutored eye to follow—one of the dogs comes out of

the turn on top and usually stays there to the finish.

Under the circumstances, dog racing may offer a little too much action for its own good. The spectator who tries to use the brief interval between races to make any serious study of the past performances is likely to become thoroughly confused, miss a race or two, look up to see the same familiar kind of field parading to the post and have to ask whether the next race will be the fifth or sixth or perhaps even the seventh. Many patrons have decided, in view of the inevitable bumping at the first turn, that it is foolish to try to handicap the dogs anyway. The quiniela pool on every race, in which the better has to pick the first two dogs past the finish line, is another invitation to buy mutual tickets by guess and by hunch. There is hardly time to try to pick one good dog in the race, much less two.

The members of dog racing's family are themselves often guilty of playing the races by the numbers. The presi-

dent of one of the Florida tracks boxed the 1, 2 and 8 in the quiniela last season, hit a lot of winners but lost several thousand dollars. He has since decided that so many other people play the 1-2, 1-8 and 2-8 combinations blindly that these quinielas never pay as much as they should. This season he is boxing the 4, 5 and 7—three of the most unpopular numbers—and hoping for overlays.

Even the dog racing people like George Fulton who wish that their sport were taken more seriously are full of stories which illustrate their dilemma. They recall an incident some years ago when a handicapper was broadcasting his selections over a Miami radio station. A couple of tourists, husband and wife, carefully took down the choices—No. 2 in the first race, No. 1 in the second race and so on—played them at the Flagler track that night, won several hundred dollars and did not discover until the next day that the handicapper was picking the dogs not at Flagler but at the Miami Beach track. George Fulton's own favorite story concerns another tourist, fancying himself quite a handicapper, who bought a program for the Hollywood track to the north of Miami, studied it through the early afternoon, went to a cocktail party, stayed too long, wandered fuzzily and erroneously southward to the Miami Beach track—and had the winningest evening of his life playing the Miami Beach greyhounds on the basis of the Hollywood past performances.

It could never happen in any other sport. Dog racing is now Florida's biggest spectator sport, but the horse tracks and the spring baseball training still get all the publicity. Dog racing now has some \$50,000 stakes, but out-of-town newspapers never bother to carry the results. No dog race has ever been described over a radio or television network. Few people know or care who was Greyhound of the Year. One enthusiast who has been going to the dog races in Florida for 29 years and says that he has consistently made money on them claims that the dogs are far more formidable than horses but freely admits that he cannot remember the name of a single greyhound on which he has bet. "There's some question," one thoughtful greyhound owner conceded recently, "whether even our best friends think of us as a sport or as a numbers game."



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